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# American and Original. The Knickerbocker Magazine,

For 1857.

THE FIFTIETH Volume of THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE will commence with the number for JULY 1857; and it is the intention of the Publisher to make great additions to the literary merits of the work.

We take it for granted there are but few magazine-readers in the country who are not familiar with the authors of *ST. LEGER*, and the *SPARROW-GRASS*, both old contributors to THE KNICKERBOCKER. We are pleased to be able to announce that they will both write for our Magazine the coming year. Mr. COZZENS will contribute a new and really original Story, which will appear in every number; and Mr. KIMBALL will furnish a Sketch or a Story as often as his other duties will permit.

We have now two contributors not excelled by any writers in the country, namely, Rev. F. W. SHELTON and CHARLES G. LELAND. The first, known as our "Up-River Correspondent," has written a series of Letters, a part of which have been issued and extensively sold in a beautiful illustrated volume, and the latter is now writing a series of OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, which delight all who read them. These will be continued regularly, and Mr. SHELTON will give a Sketch or a Letter each month.

We have also several highly-accomplished Lady Contributors, whose favors will grace our pages regularly, and whose names we would be glad to publish, if we were permitted to do so.

With these and other regular Contributors, and the TABLE of Mr. CLARK, whose long experience has made him *au fait* in his department, we shall be able to present a monthly literary treat so varied that no refined taste can fail to be gratified. We will only add a few of the kind words which have been said of THE KNICKERBOCKER, and ask to be judged on our merits after a fair trial.

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## THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN

### CHAPTER SIXTH

As the sun sank below the horizon, on the afternoon of Thursday, the thirtieth of June, in the year of our Lord, 1842, the staunch ship 'Shenandoah,' with all her starboard steering-sails set, was gently *bowling* along to the eastward, before a light south-west wind, at the rate of five knots an hour. All the preceding night, and during the morning of this day, we had been lying at anchor, wind-bound, inside of the 'Horse-Shoe;' at noon we had got under-way; and now the frigate, like myself, was, for the first time, on the broad bosom of the Atlantic Ocean; and the pilot having left us, the master was in the act of taking his *departure* from 'Sandy-Hook' and the 'Highlands,' preparatory to shaping a course for the night.

Shortly after this, feeling tired and drowsy, I turned into my hammock, determined to make the most of a 'sleep in,' which in the distribution of the 'sea-watches,' had fallen to my lot. Early on the following morning I was aroused from a sound sleep by one of the midshipmen of the watch shaking me roughly by the shoulder, and bellowing into my ear: 'All hands reef topsails, Jenkins!' Inwardly congratulating myself upon feeling so entirely free from sickness of any kind, I swung myself cheerfully from my hammock; but scarce had my feet touched the deck, when my head spun around like a spinning-jenny, while an indescribable sensation of faintness and nausea combined took immediate possession of the lower part of my abdomen. 'My dear friend,' said I to the mid who had awakened me, 'I never felt so ill in my life: I fear I must be dying.' And then the tears streamed from my eyes as I blubbered forth the name of my Aunt Polly. At this there was a general shout of laughter from all the *oldsters* of the mess, (the *youngsters* being in no more merry mood than myself,) and one of them called out: 'I say, Jenkins, be kind enough before slipping your wind, to bequeath me that handsome cocked-hat of yours;

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will you ?' Another asked for my sword, and a third for my patent-leather boots ; and thus they went on, petitioning for every article of my wardrobe, all the while dressing themselves as speedily as possible. But Fearless at length came to my rescue, and assuring me that I was only *sea-sick*, and would feel better in the open air, he assisted me to rig, and then finding that I was incapable of making any exertion for myself, caught me by the nape of the neck and the slack of the trowsers and carried me on deck, where he left me clinging to the capstan, while he went to his station in the main-top. How miserably sick, and oh ! how wretched I felt, as I glanced at the expanse of troubled waters to leeward ; and what would I not have given to have been transported at that moment, by the wand of a compassionate enchanter, to the humble lodging of my aunt ! The wind had 'chopped around' to the northward and eastward during the night, and was blowing half a gale, while the sea, which, poetically speaking, was running 'mountains high,' was thumping the 'Shenandoah' (now close-hauled on the port tack) unmercifully about the bows, thereby causing her to pitch so violently that none but a real old salt could stand upon his pins. The sky was dark and lowering, and to add to the cheerlessness of the scene, rain was pouring in torrents. Sail being reduced to double-reefed topsails and single-reefed foresail, Mr. Garboard called me to him, and directed me to report the fact to the Captain ; so, trembling all over, like one with the ague, I crawled rather than walked to the companion-hatch, (the other quarter-deck hatches being closed with gratings and tarpaulins to keep the main-deck dry,) and commenced descending the ladder, at the foot of which the Captain was unfortunately standing. I say *unfortunately* ; for as I stepped upon the first round of the ladder the ship gave a most stomach-rending pitch, which produced the same effect upon me that the smell of the precious balsam of Frerabras produced upon the 'model of faithful squires,' wher he was examining the mouth of his master ; and as poor Captain Blazes was looking upward at the time, anxiously endeavoring to get a view of what was passing on deck, he was compelled, much against his will, to receive the full contents of my over-charged *estómag*o, and thus as it were, play the part of Don Quixote to my Sancho Panza. After the commission of this dreadful deed, I rushed frantically to the steerage, where I remained all day, stretched at full length upon a locker, repeating every five minutes, until bed-time, the experiment I had tried with the skipper — a large deck-bucket being the recipient of my favors ; and as eight other youngsters were similarly engaged, the reader may imagine the pleasing picture which our apartment presented. Our dear friend, Hart, was very active during all this time, in his exertions for our welfare. To one he proposed one thing ; to another, another ; and finally, he went so far in his goodness of heart as actually to tie, with his own hands, a yard of stout tape to a square inch of fat pork, which latter, after covering it well with sugar-house molasses of a superior quality, he persuaded a greenhorn of the name of Daw to swallow thrice, he keeping hold of the end of the tape the while, and each time that the boy swallowed the pork, pulling it out of his stomach, and re-smearing it with the molasses. This process, which he

denominated *swabbing*, he swore was an infallible remedy for sea-sickness; and he *seemed* very much mortified and chagrined indeed when Daw, after giving it so fair a trial, declared he thought it rather augmented than decreased his malady.

For forty-eight hours the wind continued fresh from the north-east; but early on the Sabbath it commenced dying away and veering, and by noon of that day the sea had entirely subsided, and with it the qualmishness of us youngsters. By dinner-time, as a natural consequence of our long fast, we were all blessed with most excellent appetites, and after devouring every thing eatable within our reach, our calls for 'more' were as loud and long as those of the celebrated Oliver, whose surname was Twist; and strange to say too, they created a similar sensation — the caterers of both messes loudly swearing that we had already eaten enough to have supported a large family a month; and Scouse and Hard Tack (the port steerage-boys) rolling up their eyes until nothing but the whites were visible, and crying out: 'Afore God, young gemmen, ef you do n't stop a-eatin' you 'm surely gwine to bust!' All this, however, produced no effect upon us whatever. 'Bust' or not bust, more we were determined to have, and more we finally obtained. But 'the hottest horse will oft grow cool,' says the old song, and 'the emptiest paunch will get filled at last,' quoth honest Sancho; and so, indeed, it proved with us on this occasion; for after playing a winning game of knife and fork for the space of three hours, we 'caved in,' and rose, one by one from the table — little Weasel being the last to leave it.

After sun-set we all went forward on the fore-castle, where I spent two pleasant hours in listening to the songs and stories of the crew. As the weather was very warm, most of the 'watch below' were on deck, keeping company with those whose duty called them there; and these latter *marineros* having nothing to do in the way of making or taking in sail, (the breeze being light and steady,) all hands were endeavoring to amuse themselves as best they were able. The captain of the starboard watch of after-guard having delivered himself of 'Artichokes and cauliflowers,' 'Our ship's gone a-cruising,' 'The bonny girls of the Isle of Wight,' and a few other similar productions, Bill Ropeyarn, chief boatswain's-mate of the 'Shenandoah,' sung in a rich, clear voice, a song of his own composing, which, as it has never before appeared in print, that I am aware of, I take the liberty of inserting here, trusting that if these lines ever meet the eye of the said Ropeyarn, he will pardon my having done so without his leave and license being first asked and obtained.

'BILL ROPEYARN'S DITTY.

'I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curled  
Around the fore-hatch, that dinner was nigh;  
And I said: 'If there's any thing good in this world,  
It is made in our mess, and they call it 'sea-pie.''

'Twas twelve — and the boatswain was ordered to 'pipe,'  
His mates they stand ready to answer and bawl;  
The grog-tub is out, and the line stretched along —  
Each tar is awaiting the sound of the 'call.'

'By the side of young grog-tub how sweet 'tis to stand,  
And list to and catch the dear sound of your name!  
But oh! how much sweeter when the tot's in your hand:  
You drink, and you're off some sea-pie to claim!

'And thus, in a snug man-of-war,' did I say,  
'With a cook to attend me, and make me sea-pie;  
With my half-pint of whiskey to drink every day —  
How sweet could I live, and how calm could I die!''

When the applause which this elegant parody gave rise to had subsided somewhat, a dispute arose between Jimmy O'Toole, a 'waister,' and Dick Sawyer, a mizzen-top man, as to the existence of ghosts, which elicited a vast amount of learned argument on either side, (O'Toole being *for*, and Sawyer against them,) and in which every one in their vicinity took a part; and although the *ghostites* stood toward the *anti-ghostites* in the ratio of ten to one, this latter party was so obstinate as to refuse to *give in*: hence the controversy threatened to become very bitter indeed, when Sandy Scott, a lame old darkey, who was regarded with great veneration by the ship's company, in consequence of its being a popular belief among them that he was a century and a half old, and had served as galley-cook in the navy ever since its creation, interposed in favor of the waister, with: 'You Dick Sawyer! do n't you sot dar, like a great fool, and purtend for to say what der an't no sperrits, kase dare's mor'n a quarter-watch of 'spectable gemmen here dat knowldges more in a minit dan you does in a whole week, dat can tell you what der *am*. Do n't b'lieve in sperrits, eh? Go way, chile; you is a fool, dat's sartin. Jes you hearn George Peterson, the quarter-gunner, giv in his sperience 'bout a pursentment of death, and a ghost wot come under his own observation — Uch, ah! honey! I tell you it make yer har ston up worsen 'n hog's bristles, a long chalk!'

There being loud cries from all quarters for the story, a deputation of fore-castle-men immediately waited upon Peterson, who was standing aft by the main-mast, and politely requested him to recount it for the benefit of all hands in general, and of the Sawyer party in particular, which he readily consented to do. This man, by the way, having received a fair quantum of 'book-larnin' from a Yankee school-master, was looked up to by his shipmates as a prodigy of scholarship; and he was in great demand with all of them, but especially with the marines, (who, as a general thing, are a disputatious set, much given to theological discussions,) for the solution of knotty problems in debate; and his decision once given, there could be no appeal from it whatever, except to one of the passed midshipmen; it being universally conceded, that in this *corps lettré* are contained all the LL.D's of the service. It was a common saying, too, with the crew, that Peterson had seen better days; and as at the time I knew him he was the owner of but one eye, having at some former period of his life, I doubt not, been in the possession of two, there seemed to be a great deal of truth in the statement. A ring being formed, the man of 'better days' seated himself in the centre of it, and after clearing his throat, commenced what I shall entitle



## THE QUARTER-GUNNER'S YARN.

It was late in the afternoon of a Friday, in the year 1839 or 1840, for I don't rightly remember which, that the sloop of war 'Levant,' in which I was serving as captain of the main-top, came to anchor off the Brazos, in the Gulf of Mexico. After the sails were furled, and every thing made snug for the night, permission was given to a number of the men, who had formed themselves into a company of players, to perform Shakspeare's tragedy of Macbeth. So a theatre was quickly rigged forward — the top-gallant fore-castle serving as the stage — and the play commenced. And it was monstrous well got up, I can tell you, lads, and all played their parts well, too; only Bill Norton, who took the character of Macbeth, got more than half-seas over, and instead of sticking to the text, roared out to red-haired Thompson, the Banquo of the piece: 'Do n't you shake them locks of yourn at me, you lobster-headed lubber, you!' Whereupon, Thompson, who cared not a fig for the reflection cast upon his curls, but was most cussedly riled at being called a lubber, (as well he might be, seeing that no better seaman ever trod a ship's deck) immediately downed with his insulter's house. The skirmish, however, was soon over, and with this trifling exception, every thing worked well to the end of the play. And as soon as the curtain fell upon the last act, Macduff came out in front of it, and in a very neat speech explained how it happened that Macbeth came to be *overtaken by liquor*.

'I assure you, gentlemen,' said he, with his right hand on his heart, 'upon the sacred honor of a main-deck sweeper, that our unfortunate shipmate is an out-and-out tee-totaller. In fact, if he have a weakness in the world, it is that of adhering too strictly to temperance principles; but this afternoon he was sent, much against his inclination, into the spirit-room, to draw off the evening's allowance of grog, and the smell of the liquor, gentlemen — the mere smell of it alone, produced upon our esteemed friend the deplorable effect which you have witnessed.'

At the conclusion of this address, three cheers were given for the speaker, and three times three for Bill Norton; and then the auditory dispersed quietly, just as the officer of the deck ordered the boatswain's mate of the watch to pass the word to the 'launchers' and 'first cutters' 'to stand-by to go away in the morning at early day-light.' I know not how or why it was, shipmates, but while this call resounded through the ship, I felt a cold shudder pass over my whole frame; and looking upon Frank Simpson, one of my watch of top-men, who stood near me, I observed with horror that his hair was standing on end, and his eyes nearly starting out of their sockets, as one who sees a spectre. Immediately afterward, this man went over the whole vessel, offering a month's pay to any one who would take his place in the launch on the morrow, but no substitute could he find. The next morning, just after all hands were called, the poor fellow came to me, and said: 'Peterson, it is inscribed in the book of fate that I am not to return alive to this vessel. Now as you, like myself, are an educated man, I wish you to take charge of some valuable papers that you will

find in my bag, and forward them to my sisters, whose address is written on them.'

Impressed with the man's manner, I readily promised compliance with his wishes, at the same time that I endeavored to convince him that he was laboring under a delusion.

'Nay, not so, my friend,' he said sadly; 'my hour is close at hand. I am a Scotchman, and was born with a caul over my head; and from my earliest recollection I have been endowed, or rather cursed, I should say, with the gift of second-sight; and last night my poor old mother, who has been dead these twenty years, appeared to me kneeling on a coffin, which she measured carefully with a tape-line; and then, slowly rising, and looking me straight in the eyes, she murmured mournfully: 'This will just fit my darling son Francis.'

'I saw her, Peterson, as plainly as I now see you, and each word that she uttered came clear and distinct to my ears——And there! O HEAVEN! she stands there now, clasping my drowned body in her withered arms!'

As the speaker ejaculated these last words, he covered his face with his hands, while a convulsive tremor agitated his whole person; and I myself felt the same sensation of chilliness stealing over me that I experienced on the previous evening.

Well, lads, continued the quarter-gunner, after a short pause, the boats went to Brazos de Santiago for water, and on their way back to the ship, heavily laden, the launch was capsized by the surf on the bar at the mouth of the river, and out of seventeen men and an officer, Francis Simpson, as I am a living man, was the only soul drowned!\*

After Peterson had concluded his story, a profound stillness reigned on the fore-castle for the space of full five minutes, when it was broken by one Sanford, second captain of the fore-top, who cried out: 'D—n my eyes, mateys, have old George Peterson frightened of yer all so that yer's afeared of the sound of yer voices, or is yer turned Quakers, what does n't think it decent to speechify in meetin', if the sperits does n't move of yer to it? Rot my kelson! if this ere sperit what you've just hearn tell of, have moved of yer all to silence, I'm blessed but I'll tell yer of one as'll set you to jawin agin!'

And without further words he fired away with his yarn, which was in *substance* and *style*, as I give it; I having merely taken the liberty of amending Sanford's phraseology *somewhat*. He 'not pretendin' for to speak' (I quote his own words) 'as grammatic as some, though he did n't turn his back on no man at reefin', let his edification be what it might.'

#### THE FORE-TOP-MAN'S TALE.

THERE were few better men on board the old Javvy than Mike O'Flanagan, or 'Irish Mike,' as they called him. And the devil a steadier hand at the wheel, or a lighter foot aloft than his could be found on the broad ocean. Mike, like all of his countrymen, too, had a good warm heart under his ribs, and was a geniwine Christian, as had

\* This story of Peterson's is, in the main, *strictly true*, as all those who were in the 'Levant' at the time he speaks of, can testify.



a firm belief in ghosts, because the good book speaks of there being sich, and never refused to stand treat for a messmate while he had a single shot left in the locker.

And in that same old Javvy there were a big, lubberly Englisher, one Joe Wilson, with a pair of Shanghai legs on him that were bowed for all the world, like the jib-boom in heavy weather : a mean, ill favored, worse-natured son of a gun, what was always up to makin' game of every one he come across. He was a ignoruss cuss, too, as did n't know the main-brace from the mizzen-top bow-line ; for although nigh on to forty years of age, this was his first cruise. And Charley Thomas, the cabin-pantry-boy, swore that he would take his affidavv that he see him once to London to work in a lawyer's office ; so in course he was a rale heathener, as did n't b'lieve in nuthin what a white man *should* b'lieve in ; and he was continiwallly a-twittin' of O'Flanagan about his fear of apperations, and twice he came near a-frightenin' of the poor fellow out of his seventeen senses, by appearing at the side of his hammock, wrapped in a sheet, just as the bell struck eight in the first watch. The third time he attempted it, however, Mike, who had some how got wind of the game he was playin', came near bein' the death on him ; for when the ghost riz up by his pillow, sayin' softly, in a hollow s'pulcral tone of voice : 'Is it dhramin that yez are, Micky O'Flanagan ! that yez no afther shaking hands wid yez poor ould fayther, who's thravelled every blessed fut of the way from a ould church-yard in ould Ireland, wid niver a dhrop of the crayther to comfort him at all, all !'

When the ghost spoke this, I say mateys, Mike roared out in a terrible passion : 'Jow Wilson, ye dirty spalpeen, yez, it's sorra a sound bone I'll lave in yer body the night—be the howly poker !' says he ; and seizing a cutlash as he carried to bed with him, he sprang from his hammock, and made after him. Up the main-hatch they went to the gun-deck, around which they raced a half-dozen times ; then to the spar-deck, and so on all over the ship, until getting down below agin, Wilson, who was by this time pretty well blown, took refuge in the main-hold. He had not been there many seconds, though, before he come a-rushin' out, all in the wind like, with his very teeth a-shakin' out of his head ; and says he, as loud as he could squall, says he : 'I've seen a ghost !' says he.

'Where, where ?' cried a dozen of the men, a-crowdin' around him, (for the port watch had just been relieved, you see, and was about turnin' in,) 'where, where ?' says they. 'Down in the cable-tier,' says he. With that, the officer of the deck, Mr. Simms, puts his head down the hatch, and asks : 'What's the matter below ?'

'Jo Wilson's seen a sperit,' says one of the men.

'Seen the devil !' says the officer ; and so he takes and has the master-at-arms, Corporal Brenner, roused out to inwestergate the affair ; for he knowed that if there *was* any sperits about, that ere Corporal would be sure to find them.

'True for you, Sanford !' interrupted an old tar, who had been a shipmate of his in the 'Java ;' 'a great scent for liquor had Brenner ; and he was *down* on all run-smugglers, he was, as every 'spectable master-at-arms is, in course, bekase it's his *duty* to be.'

‘Spoken like a man after my own heart, Jim,’ exclaimed the yarn-spinner. And then he continued: Well, mateys, the Corporal and I, and about twenty others went into the hold, and I do n’t deny but what we come out precious quick, and as badly scared as Jo Wilson was.

‘It’s a ghost, Sir, sure enough, or may-be the devil wot’s got into the cable-tier,’ said the corporal, making his report to Mr. Simms, on the quarter-deck.

‘What did he look like?’ said one of the reefers of the watch; for you know them young monkeys is in every one’s mess.

‘Look like? why, Sir, he looked like a horse,’ said Brenner, a-scratchin’ of his head.

At this, the captain of the hold, who was a-standin’ by the fife-rail, a-listenin’ to what was goin’ on, begins for to laugh, and says he, a-touchin’ of his cap, says he: ‘I think, if your honor’ll let me go below, I can bring that ghost up here!’ says he.

‘Go along, Smith,’ says Mr. Simms; and with that, I’m blessed if Smith did n’t dive right below, and in less than a minit he returned, bringing with him the skeleton of a small Portygee donkey, wot the loblolly-boy, as was a-studyin’ of the wetinary art (as he called it) had stowed in the hold, to take home with him. And many a good lark we had afterward on the forecastle, with that ere same donkey, I can tell you, mateys; and it always went by the name of Jo Wilson’s ghost, or the Portygee devil of the cable-tier.

When the laugh to which this yarn gave rise had died away, a large number of the men retired to their hammocks, and Maddox, Fearless, Hart, Daw, and myself, who had the morning watch, soon followed their good example. During the next day (it being the Fourth-of-July) the ‘main-brace,’ although a new rope, was discovered to need ‘splicing’ more than once; and at noon the Stars and Stripes were displayed at each mast-head, and a national salute fired.

Three hours after this, I sat down to a most excellent dinner in the cabin, where I, with numerous other officers, had been invited to meet our ambassador, the Honorable Mr. Blunderhead, and his two daughters, Ellen and Amelia. Of course, in the company of such distinguished bodies, I felt great embarrassment, which was in nowise diminished when, upon the soup being removed, and Miss Ellen requesting to be helped to a potato, I gave her one from a dish before me with what I, in my confusion, took at first to be a spoon, but which I found, after assisting her, was a silver soup-ladle that the steward had carelessly left by my plate. Upon the whole, however, the dinner passed off very pleasantly; and when the cloth had been removed, and the wine was circulating pretty freely, Johnson turned to the Captain, and by way of drawing him out, said: ‘By-the-by, Captain Blazes, you were interrupted the other day, just as you were in the act of narrating to me an incident in the life of that eccentric old sea-dog, Captain Seawell; will you have the goodness to let me hear it now, Sir?’

‘Certainly,’ answered the obliging skipper; and prefacing his anecdote with the remark that ‘he feared the ladies would find it tedious,’ he began thus:

'Some few years ago Mad Jack Seawell sailed from Norfolk in command of the 'Constitution,' bound to the East-Indies: and scarce had he got out of sight of the Commodore's broad pennant, before he directed his first lieutenant to have the ship painted green outside and in, and from the truck down to the kelson. He changed his mind, though, and ordered the green paint to be scraped off, and white substituted in its stead just before reaching Rio, in which condition he entered that beautiful harbor, which is almost as lovely, ladies, I assure you, as the classic bay of Naples.'

'How I should like to see it!' cried the enthusiastic Amelia.

But the sentimental Ellen drooped her head, until her curls swept Johnson's shoulder, saying in a low, soft voice: 'For me, there is nothing worth looking at out of dear, romantic Italy.'

'Not heeding these interruptions, the Captain *yarned* on: 'Commodore Turnbull, the Commodore-in-Chief of our naval forces on the coast of Brazil, happened to be at Rio in his flag-ship at the time, and they say he stormed like a madman when old 'Ironsides' hove in sight and made her private signal. 'Go on board that vessel,' said he to his flag-lieutenant, 'and tell the Captain of her, if she be not painted as a man-of-war should be, in less than twenty-four hours, I'll bring him to a court-martial.'

'So Mad Jack had to conform his taste in ship-painting, for the nonce, to that of Commodore Turnbull.

'When he found himself on blue water, again, however, he called his executive officer to him, and remarking, 'I can now do as I please, thank God!' commanded him to keep the spars as they were, but to paint the hull of the vessel red on the port-side and white on the star-board. Soon afterward, while cruising on and off the Cape of Good Hope, for the purpose of exercising his men at the great guns, and in reefing and furling, etc., he was overhauled one day, running large under easy sail, by the English frigates 'Pique' and 'Vernon,' commanded respectively by Captains Seymour and Spencer; the 'Pique' passing on the port side of him, and the 'Vernon' on the starboard.

'Not long after this, the two Englishmen met in a hotel at Cape Town, and after discussing a bottle of port together, Seymour remarked: 'I say, Spencer, what a bloody fine Yankee frigate that was we passed the other day; but what an odd fish the captain of her must be to paint her red.'

'Red!' replied his companion, looking at him very hard to see if he was fuddled; 'why, man, she was as white as the chalky cliffs of old Albion!'

'A vary clayver joke, indeed, Spencer,' rejoined Seymour, getting a little miffed; 'but it won't do, my friend. I think the port has gone to your head; don't you feel a little *screwed*, my dear fellow?'

'And so they went on from bad to worse, until Seymour, who was heated with the wine he had drank, and was a passionate fellow withal, gave Spencer the lie. So of course a challenge passed the next day, and on the third day they met on the field. At the first fire Spencer received a ball in his left arm, but being a brave fellow, (as every English navy-man is that ever I came across,) it only warmed his blood a

little, and he loudly demanded another shot. As the seconds were about loading the pistols again, however, they happened fortunately to cast their eyes seaward, and lo ! there staggered old ' Ironsides,' under a heavy press of canvas, gallantly beating up the harbor ; and as she was on the port tack, a mile or two to leeward of where they were standing, they had a full view of her whole port battery.

' There ! by the lord Harry ! did n't I say she was painted red ? ' cried Seymour.

' But scarce had he got the words out of his mouth before the noble old frigate ' hove in stays ; ' and as she filled away on the other tack, behold ! like the travellers' chameleon, she was snowy white. For a moment the Englishmen stared at each other in bewildered amazement ; next, throwing aside the pistols, they all joined in a real hearty English laugh ; and then, posting to Cape Town with all speed, they sent for Mad Jack, and made such a night of it as was never seen there before, has never been seen there since, and in all probability, never will be seen there again ! '

Upon the conclusion of this narrative, in which (so Johnson informed me) Captain Blazes adhered to the truth with remarkable fidelity, only embellishing it here and there, the Honorable Mr. Blunderhead (who seemed to have been selected for his delicate mission rather from his gigantic stature than the magnitude of his brain) rose and said : ' My brave and courageous fellow-countrymen ! we are gathered together this day to — to ' (here the honorable and eloquent gentleman scratched his head very hard, but being unable to extract from it any thing save dandruff, he concluded to take a fresh *departure*.) ' My brave and courageous fellow-countrymen ! we are *assembled* together to — to ' (a second scratching and shower number two of dandruff.) ' My brave and courageous fellow-countrymen ! we are *congregated* together this day to — to — allow me to propose : The day we celebrate ! '

This touching and original sentiment having been drank amid thunders of applause, the officers rose from the table and took leave, Hart whispering to me as we left the cabin : ' That 's what I call a very neat and appropriate speech indeed. '

Learning that one of the middies was about being hauled over the coals for some offence, I repaired to the quarter-deck, where all business of this nature is usually transacted, and found there the first-lieutenant, a midshipman of the name of Duet, and the master, Mr. Lunar ; the last-named gentleman holding in his arms a small black cat, from whose tail the blood was spouting in a large stream all over his shirt and waistcoat. Now be it known to all whom it may concern, that the aforesaid Mr. Lunar, having a remarkable fondness for cats, and none at all for rats, had pretty well stocked the ship with the former to the utter and entire exclusion of the latter ; and every morning he went about the berth-deck to the great amusement of the crew, *drawing* out to the lad whose province it was to feed the *felines* : ' You — boy — Mount — have — yer — seen — any — thing — of — that — ere — gray Bill — or Maltese — Jack — or — that — little — black — T-a-w-m ? '

This last, it may be observed, although an especial favorite with the master, was *in very bad odor* with us middies, owing to certain un-

warrantable liberties that it had taken with our domicile ; and oftentimes had we vowed vengeance upon its head. And upon this memorable day, Duet, fired with the remembrance of the glorious deeds of his ancestors, had caught little black Tom, and chopped off a piece of his tail, which he afterward exhibited to his messmates as a trophy of his prowess. The master, however, hearing the cries of his pet, and bewailing its hard fate, had reported the tail-chopper to the first-lieutenant.

‘What do you mean by such conduct, Mr. Duet?’ asked Mr. Garboard.

‘Will you permit me, Sir, to propound a query to the master before replying to yours?’ quoth the reefer humbly.

‘Certainly, Sir.’

‘Mr. Lunar, did you not tell the boy Mount it was his duty to take particular care of the cats, as every soul in the ship had an interest in them?’

‘I did, Sir.’

‘And large and small, there are fourteen cats in all, I believe.’

‘Quite right, Sir.’

‘Very well, Sir ; to-day I made a careful estimate of the number of persons on board, and I find that, including the minister and his daughters, (whom I by no means wish to deprive of a jot of their rights,) we are five hundred and four in all. So I said, if a joint-stock company of five hundred and four persons, own fourteen cats, it is clearly evident that the one-thirty-sixth part of a cat pertains to each individual member of it. Now, by taking a rule and accurately measuring the piece of Tom’s tail that I have taken off, you will find it to be one inch in length, which, I take it, is rather less than the one-thirty-sixth part of the whole animal : and as I henceforth resign all my right and title to, and estate in, little Tom and all the other grimalkins, I really cannot see, Mr. Lunar, that you have any thing to complain of.’

‘Your reasoning is very clear indeed, Mr. Duet, and all your deductions logical,’ said the master, who had a great respect for any thing bearing the semblance of a mathematical problem, and, with the first-lieutenant’s consent, I will dismiss my complaint against you.’

‘With pleasure,’ assented Mr. Garboard. ‘Mr. Duet, you can go below, but remember to tell your messmates, Sir, that no member of the joint-stock company is henceforth to withdraw his share from the firm without my permission ; do you understand me, Sir?’

‘Ay, ay, Sir,’ responded the mid, touching his cap ; ‘and now I’ll tell Mr. Lunar what will cure ——’

But before he could ‘say his say,’ Mr. G., who was ready to burst with laughter, ordered him to ‘leave the presence,’ thus cutting short the remarkable tale of the master, Mr. Duet, and little black T-a-w-m.

Some weeks had elapsed since the shortening of Tom’s dorsal appendage. The hour was noon ; and and we were lying becalmed under a cloudless sky, within fifty miles of our port of destination, when Captain Blazes appeared on deck, and to the surprise of every one, ordered the first-lieutenant ‘to call all hands and put the ship under close reefed top-sails and fore-storm stay-sail.’ This was quickly done, and to the

infinite diversion of the greenhorns it seemed, who were pleased to make merry over the supposed timidity of their commander ; but I heard Mr. Catharpen say to old Muzzle, the gunner, who ' was an exceedingly particular *marn* with his *bartery* : ' ' Mr. Muzzle, you 'd better look well to securing them guns of yourn, for I 've sailed with this ere ' old man ' before ; and if it do n't blow ' great guns ' before the watch is out, I 'll give my head for a foot-ball ! '

And scarce had the men lain down from aloft before the heavens were overspread, as with a veil, by a light transparent vapor, while a heavy swell came rolling upon us from the eastward. At one o'clock a variable air sprang up, which, in the course of an hour, freshened into a strong breeze from E.N.E., and by sun-set became a heavy gale, when the fore and mizzen top-sails were handed, and the ship laid to on the starboard tack.

At four the next morning, when I went on deck, the scene was one of awful sublimity : the wind howling like an eastern *dervis* ; the sky of an inky blackness ; and the whole ocean one sheet of foam. About four bells, a report, like the discharge of heavy ordnance, smote my ears, as the fore storm-staysails blew out of the bolt-rope ; and the next instant the three top-gallant masts went over the side, while the ' Shenandoah ' heeled until the muzzles of her port spar-deck guns were under water. Officers and men now came rushing on deck, and Captain Blazes, taking the trumpet, thundered out : ' Hard up the helm ! Let go the lee main-top-sail sheet ! Man the weather fore-rigging ! Carpenters, lay aft and stand by to cut away the main and mizzen-masts ! '

As the sheet was let go, one-half the top-sail flew to leeward, while the other hung in shreds from the yard, and the ship righted a streak ; but another blast, heavier than the first, knocked her down nearly on her beam-ends, and she lay like a log upon the ocean. By this time the crew had gathered forward on the starboard side of the fore-castle ; but expecting momentarily to see the lower masts go by the board, they stood appalled, none daring to obey the Captain's order. At this critical juncture Fearless appeared on the Jacob's ladder above their heads, calling for volunteers to follow him ; and the next instant the weather fore-rigging was literally covered with men, cheering as if going into battle ! The vessel being still motionless, the command was now given to cut away the mizzen-mast, but before any more mischief had been done than the severing of a single laniard of the lee mizzen-rigging, it was countermanded by the order, ' Keep fast ! ' as the master, who was at the ' conn ' reported the ship ' falling off. ' Slowly at first, but more swiftly as she gathered headway, the gallant frigate wore on her heel, careening until her lee-rail actually seemed to touch the water, as she felt the full force of the hurricane a-beam, and scudding, under bare poles, at the rate of ten knots an hour, when she got full before it.

An hour after this, incredible as it may seem, a balmy breeze was blowing from the westward, and the sun shining brightly in a serene sky, while the sea, which, fortunately for us had never been high, was fast going down. And the next day, when the ' Shenandoah ' dropped anchor off Lisbon, she presented as trim an appearance as if she had never known foul weather.



## T H E P R A I R I E .

'NEATH star-lit skies on Western plain,  
 Wrapped in their blankets, lightly sleeping,  
Lay stalwart forms of hunters twain,  
 While I the mid-night watch was keeping.

The silent Platte, with turbid wave,  
 By treeless shores seemed softly stealing ;  
As night, or wolf, or Indian brave  
 Creep on their prey, with cruel meaning.

The only voice, a plaintive sigh  
 Of night-winds through the cañons sweeping ;  
Or cayute's bark, or loon's wild cry,  
 The echoes distant oft repeating.

From Mauvaise Terre to Texas waters,  
 For months we chased the bounding bison,  
Where dwell Missouri's swarthy daughters,  
 To flowery lands of Spanish Mission.

Oft Roderick's hoofs made music's chime,  
 As o'er the turf in chase we clattered ;  
Exultant beat my heart the time,  
 When dashing on, with foam bespattered,

The herded bison thundered by,  
 While on their flank, a-back careering,  
We wheeled to charge, or turned to fly,  
 With flash on flash, death's message dealing.

When sank the sun on prairie far,  
 My gallant steed and trusty rifle  
Lay side by side, for peace or war,  
 Till morn's red beam the east should brighten.

Though glories shine from every star,  
 Through all the calm of heaven surrounding,  
My longing spirit looks afar :  
 My heart with gentler thought is bounding.

Thou nerve of steel, whose steady eye  
 Dares savage man or beast undaunted,  
What craven fear hast made thee sigh ?  
 What sorrows deep have thy breast haunted ?

It is a vision of the past,  
 When by the hand I held a maiden,  
On night like this ; it was our last :  
 With thoughts of her my heart is laden.

Let memory drop the silent tear,  
 To days long past, and blessings vanished ;  
Though throbs my heart with love sincere  
 As when from her dear presence banished.

I see thee, loved one, as thou art,  
 Within thy home, Affection wreathing  
 Her tender blossoms round thy heart,  
 Where vainly Love and Hope were pleading.

Oh! could thy spirit view me now,  
 With humbled heart the past lamenting,  
 Forgiveness would thy gentle brow  
 On thy true lover smile relenting.

What ho! to horse! the morning breaks :  
 The deer's clear note, like bugle ringing,  
 Invites our coursers to the chase,  
 While yet the hunter's song I'm singing.

*Dubuque, July, 1857.*

G. S.

## THE CAVE OF SAINT PAUL.

BY A NEW CORRESPONDENT.

WHEN any particular belief, opinion, or sentiment obtains among men for many years, and becomes almost universal, it is fair to infer that some portion of truth lies at its foundation ; that there has been at some time something which was undeniably correct upon which it has been based, even though with our present facilities we may not be able to discover any truth or right in it.

For, no mere falsehood can gain a general currency in the world for any length of time ; because nothing, either true or false, passes unquestioned ; and if it be unmingled falsehood, it must be unmasked. And so it is always necessary that there should be a certain amount of truth mixed up with whatever falsehood is designed to deceive mankind for any considerable period ; just as Mohammed has introduced into his system the idea of one only Supreme God, and has adopted so many of the stories and personages of the Bible.

It is true that in the course of years, all appreciation of the real significance of the embodied truth may be lost, and the investigator of any present belief may not be able, at first, to see the right upon which former times have founded it. But how warped and distorted soever it may now be, if he pursue his investigations sufficiently far back, he will unquestionably find the germ of truthfulness which originally gave it its currency.

It is the almost universally received opinion of to-day, that there was, in the character of the aboriginal inhabitants of America, before contact with civilization vitiated and corrupted it, much of generosity and loftiness : A certain disregard of any personal danger, while in the performance of what they considered a duty, which, unfortunately, is a rare quality under the higher forms of civilization. That their wars, though

prosecuted with what seems to us the most vindictive and relentless cruelty, were probably more the result of the unfortunate circumstances of education, or rather non-education, under which they were placed, than because of any promptings of their natural heart.

Latterly, in some instances, this belief has been vigorously combated, and it is possible that viewing the whole race, it is not a well-grounded one; but no man who is acquainted with the early history of America, will deny that there is much of truth at its foundation.

But let us leave the discussion of this question, as such, to those who may choose to pursue it, and turn for a brief hour to a story which must depend for its credence upon a belief in the existence of such qualities in the Indian character.

There is, within the 'city limits,' I believe, of the growing city of Saint Paul in Minnesota, a natural cave in the stratum of white sand which forms the bed of the rock upon which the town stands, from which there issues at all times a little stream of the purest cold water, and which, it is said, extends an indefinite distance back under the bluffs. In its primitive simplicity it was doubtless a beautiful place, opening as it does in a deep glen near the Mississippi, and surrounded with luxuriant verdure. But that rapacity which exhibits itself in all the walks of life, has made its appearance here; and the spot, being 'private property,' now rejoices in a little seven-by-nine shanty, where, 'for a consideration,' you may obtain a 'guide' and a tallow candle, and upon returning from your explorations, for another 'consideration' some fiery brandy and a rank segar. Aside from that, the place has lost much of its old charm, for during the summer months it is thronged with visitors daily; the paths leading to it are dusty and travel-worn, and the soft, white sand-stone walls are marred all over with the names of the Joneses and Browns who have honored 'the Cave' in the 'grand rounds.' Why is it, by-the-way, that so many Americans seem to think it an imperative duty when they visit a place of any note, to leave behind them, for the edification of after-comers, through the instrumentality of the omnipresent jack-knife, their common-place names, and in the most staring capitals possible?

But there was a time when these things were not, when the paths were secluded and green, when no odor of bad brandy or sound of jingling glasses disturbed the quiet of the fresh, cool air, and to those days let us turn.

Many moons ago — it boots not how many, for the voice of the white man has not been heard very long in this region, and it may be as many as you choose — many moons ago, when the beautiful lakes of Minnesota reflected no human form save that of the bepainted warrior, or of the dusky maiden, among the young warriors of the Dakota, whose hands were surest in the fight and whose feet the swiftest in the chase, there was one whom the Dakotas loved to call the 'Flying Arrow.' He it was who, while yet a boy, had taken his birch canoe and gone down on the great Father of Waters even to the land of the Natchez in the far South. At his lodge-door hung more of the scalps of his enemies than at the door of any of the young braves of his tribe. His figure was

tall and vigorous, and his eye was full of that calm and steady light which betokens constancy and courage.

One day in the early spring, when all the young warriors of the tribe were out on the chase, Flying Arrow selected for his quarry a noble buck, who tossed his head and gallantly stretched away to the eastward, followed swiftly and warily by the eager hunter. Many times that day did Flying Arrow approach so near that his bow was bent for the shot, and once or twice the arrow had even left the bow, aimed carefully at the heart, and yet each time the antlered monarch, with a brief backward glance, bounded forward unharmed, every bound nearing the great Father of Rivers. Flying Arrow was vexed and disappointed. Never before had he been so unsuccessful, and it seemed to him that each time the buck leaped away it mocked and derided him, and so he vowed that he would follow it even into the land of the Ojibway, even to the wigwams of his enemies.

And so the day wore away, and Flying Arrow followed on over many miles, and just at evening he stood on the bank of the great river, and out in the stream, fearlessly leaping from fragment to fragment of the slow-floating ice which the spring was carrying southward, he saw the quarry which had eluded his pursuit since early morning. With no thought of the danger on the stream, or of the danger on the other side, the warrior boldly stepped upon the ice and rapidly followed the flying deer. While he was yet crossing he saw it reach the shore at the mouth of a little glen, and pausing, look calmly back for a moment, and then with a great toss of its stately head, disappear up the glen. It did not leap now, it seemed either to walk slowly into the shadow of the over-hanging trees, or to melt into the air like a cloud, and just when the sun dipped behind the hills. Warily Flying Arrow approached the shore. He was nearing the land of his enemies, and he knew not what exultant eyes might then be watching him, what keen knife thirsting for his blood.

But no sound greeted him at the close of his perilous passage, save a faint murmur, which seemed to come from a point higher up the glen, and of which he was in some doubt whether it was a human voice or only the rippling of a little stream that came from that direction, and ran bubbling at his feet.

Stealthily he moved up the ravine, setting his feet down with the caution of the panther stealing on his prey. By-and-by he could distinguish the tones of a voice chanting or reciting one of the simple stories of the Ojibway. Presently, as he rounded a projecting corner of rock, he saw the dark mouth of a cavern in the hill which closed the ravine, from which issued the rivulet at his feet, and not far from it, leaning pensively, almost sadly, against the steep bank, stood one of the maidens of the Ojibway, idly pushing pebbles into the water with the toe of her moccasin, and singing softly to herself the song or chant which he had heard.

Graceful as the young fawn was her form, and clear as the waters by which she stood flowed her voice from her lips, and to the eyes of Flying Arrow, as he paused and looked, she seemed altogether beautiful,

and immediately he saw her moving about his lodge among the Dakota.

An incautious movement rolled a little stone into the stream, and at the plash she looked up. With a startled exclamation at the sight of the Dakota warrior, she bounded away and fled. Knowing his danger if she reached her people and reported his presence, Flying Arrow pursued, and ere she gained the summit of the bluff he grasped her arm and hurriedly led her back. Calmly and without a word she submitted to what seemed her fate, but when they reached the mouth of the cave the young warrior released her arm and said :

‘The daughter of the Ojibway need fear nothing. Flying Arrow wars not with women ; he seeks the brave ; the chief. The deer that flieth from the hunter hath led him here, and he is alone. The Ojibway maiden will not tell her people that Flying Arrow standeth here unfriended ?’

‘Eye of Morning hath seen no deer that flieth. Why cometh the Dakota warrior to the hunting-grounds of the Ojibway ? On the war path ?’

‘Flying Arrow knoweth not the sound of a lie ! I have spoken !’

She bowed her head timidly. ‘Eye of Morning believeth. She will not tell her people. The Dakota may go in peace.’

‘The lodge of Flying Arrow is a long day’s journey to the West. His feet are weary. May he not rest yonder, till the sun cometh ?’ and he pointed to the cave.

‘The Ojibway people come not to the cave by night. The Dakota may sleep.’

‘And Eye of Morning will not tell her people ?’

‘Neither doth the daughter of the Ojibway Chief know the sound of a lie !’

Flying Arrow moved from her path as she looked proudly up, and she walked away. But before she was gone, he asked hesitatingly :

‘Doth the Ojibway maiden often stand where the clear water runs from the hill ?’

She turned and stepped once or twice back, and after a long and earnest look into his face, answered with trembling emphasis :

‘If all be true that are here, she cometh often when the sun is low in the west. Eye of Morning speaketh truth. The Dakota may sleep in peace.’

With the words she was gone ; melting into the growing obscurity, even as the deer he had pursued had done before.

He walked down to the river, and looked for a moment over its broad surface where the faint light of a young moon rested upon the cold, white fields of ice, or leaped in momentary flashes from the dark water between. But the passage back was doubly perilous by night, and his faith in the deep, bright eyes that had looked so earnestly into his own, was strong ; and so he went back to the cave, and in its gloom he slept, and dreamed of crossing the great river on the floating ice, holding Eye of Morning by the hand. But the early day-light saw him once more crossing alone, and the evening found him sitting solitary in his lodge, musing of that cave in the land of the Ojibway.

It would be idle to speak of how Flying Arrow, when the ice was

all gone and the birds were beginning to sing in the groves, took his birch canoe, and crossing the great river far above, floated down in the shadow of the hills; and how Eye of Morning stood now in the shelter of an overhanging tree close by the river's brink, singing no pensive song, but wistfully looking through the deepening twilight toward the land of the Dakota.

Let it be enough to know that twice every moon; once when the thin crescent, like a little child, but waited to see the evening candles lighted and then went to sleep; and once when the full orb rose as the sun retired, Flying Arrow and Eye of Morning would stand together at the mouth of that dusky cave. That many times he besought her to leave her kindred and go with him to the lodges of his people, and she tremblingly delayed until the summer wore away, and the hazy autumn-time had come. That War Hawk, one of the young chiefs of the Ojibway, would have taken Eye of Morning to his own lodge, and often vainly urged her to go. That he was fierce of mood and jealous of heart, and cunningly watched her that he might see to whom she had given the heart he wished for his own. Let this be enough till the first young moon in the hazy autumn-time.

It was beautiful and still that evening, when Eye of Morning slowly wandered down into the glen of the cave, and stood in the shadow where the river rippled almost to her feet. The wind that came toward her across the river was soft and cool: the 'sentinel stars' were just visible near the zenith, and the moon's pale crescent, veiled by the dreamy haze of autumn, was fast following the sun to rest. There was no sound but the whispering of the rivulet, or the rustle of some 'sere and yellow leaf' twirling slowly to the earth. It was an evening meet for quiet meditation; and as Eye of Morning waited for her lover, she wondered what kind of place was his far-off lodge, and whether if she were there she would ever long to return to the wigwams of her people.

By-and-by her eye brightened as she saw the birch canoe floating silently from above. Noiselessly Flying Arrow stepped on shore, and the two walked slowly up to the mouth of the cave, and there stopped. They did not see the dusky figure that shrank back into the gloomy recess as they approached, and glared upon them with malignant eyes.

Swiftly an hour passed. The moon had gone to rest. Steadily the wind rose. The haze over the face of the night thickened gradually, and the stars seemed shrinking back within the portals of the sky.

'Flying Arrow has kept good faith with Eye of Morning. He loves her as the grass loves the rains of summer. Will she not go to his wigwam?'

The Ojibway maiden was silent.

'The braves of the Dakota do not war with the women of the Ojibway. The doors of their lodges stand open for you to enter. Flying Arrow is here — his canoe is here. Will the daughter of the Ojibway go?'

Still Eye of Morning was silent, and her fingers unconsciously played with the warrior's belt of wampum.

'The land of the Dakota is broad and fair; the warriors of the Dakota are many and brave. The Ojibway maiden shall dwell in honor



and peace. Flying Arrow knows it is death to be found here : but he knows that the daughter of the Ojibway loves, and he laughs at death for her. Will she go ?

There was a sound as of the wind moaning ; the trees above them waved and tossed their branches in the air ; a shower of dead leaves fell around them, and all was still again.

‘ Eye of Morning loves the wigwams of her people, and she loves the old chief, her father. But the Dakota warrior knoweth that he hath her heart. She loveth the one Dakota better than all the Ojibway. She will go.’

With a sudden bound she threw herself before her lover, and the same moment a dark figure leaped from the cave, and struck savagely and fiercely.

The knife destined for the heart of the Dakota, found its victim in herself, and with a low moan she reeled and fell.

And then backward and forward, under the dark sky, two warriors struggled and swayed in an embrace that to the one or the other would be the last. Struggled and swayed until at last they fell, and even in the fall when the arm of Flying Arrow snapped like a reed, his keen knife sought and found the War Hawk’s heart.

Breathless and bewildered by the desperate conflict, Flying Arrow struggled to his feet and looked around. The wind had suddenly died away ; the thick haze parted, and the stars shone out again. And there in the dim light she lay.

He stooped and spoke her name ; she answered not. He lifted her hand, and it fell heavily back. He placed his own hand upon her bosom, and the heart was motionless ; its purest blood empurpled the cold waters that hurried by. He tried to lift her to his canoe ; and his shattered arm and exhausted strength admonished him that he could scarce reach it himself. And then with a groan that nothing but the most terrible anguish could have wrung from his proud heart, he threw himself down beside the lifeless form. He heeded not that his feet lay in the waters of the stream ; heeded not that the clouds gathered, and the rain came drearily down through the long hours of the night. And the gray dawn found him yet bowed over that form, beautiful even in death.

In the early morning there was a great shout of surprise, and then the clamorous sounding of many voices close above him. Painfully he rose to his feet and looked around.

A dozen Ojibway warriors gazed in astonishment at the scene, and one older and more stately than the rest, waved his hand for silence, and spoke :

‘ What dost the Dakota in the land of the Ojibway ? ’

The Dakota looked for a moment at the maiden’s cold face, pointed to the prostrate warrior, and then fixing his eyes fearlessly upon the Ojibway Chief, threw his unhurt arm proudly across his breast, and answered :

‘ Flying Arrow fears not to die ! Strike ! ’

Each dark brow contracted with a deadly hate ; each bow was bent ; each shaft was launched ; and even with the loud war-cry of his people upon his lips, Flying Arrow bounded into the air and died.

M.

## M Y C O A T .

TRANSCRIBED FROM BERANGER: BY 'DESMARAIS.'

## I.

LONG-CHERISHED coat, be faithful still, I pray!  
 Let's lie together on the shelf;  
 For ten long years I've brushed thee day by day,  
 Prudent as SOCRATES himself.  
 If roughly o'er thy weakening woof  
 Rubs the relentless foot of FATE,  
 Resist awhile! like me, be fortune-proof:  
 For ah! old friend, let us not separate!

## II.

How fondly doth my memory recall  
 The day when first I put thee on:  
 It was my birth-day, and my friends were all  
 Singing thy glories, now long gone!  
 Gone! but thy poverty is not  
 Dishonor; nor those friends ingrate:  
 They are still faithful to my humble lot,  
 And thou, old friend, let us not separate.

## III.

A skilful patch is on thy collar set:  
 'T is a bright souvenir: *there* were taper  
 Fingers entangled by the fair LIZETTE:  
 One evening as I feigned to 'scape her,  
 She tore thee, and till thou wert mended  
 'I must not leave her!' Cruel (?) FATE!  
 LIZETTE was two days ere the task was ended:  
 Ah! no, old friend, let us not separate.

## IV.

Have I e'er poisoned thee with musk and amber,  
 Or kindred sickly foppish vapors?  
 Have I e'er paced a great man's ante-chamber  
 To show thy weak points to the gapers?  
 France long was, for a ribbon's dole,  
 A prey to envious debate;  
 But simple flowers bloom in *thy* button-hole:  
 Ah! no, old friend, let us not separate.

## V.

Fear not the days of errantry again,  
 When but one destiny seemed ours;  
 Those days of transient pleasures mixed with pain,  
 Days dashed with sun-shine and with showers.  
 No! soon, methinks, all earthly gear  
 I must strip at the call of FATE;  
 Wait but a while, let's end together here:  
 Ah! wait, old friend! let us not separate.

*Clover-Hill, August, 1857.*

## P U N T A   D E   L O S   R E Y E S .

## PART SECOND.

WARNED by past experience, we resolved to have a boat, and I was appointed a committee of ways and means. My humble efforts were crowned with success, and in a few days 'a fairy bark glided into her native element,' etc., etc. Great were the joy and amazement of our party when she was discovered to be perfectly tight. 'Tom Hyer' bestowed upon her a name which I forbear to repeat, and the Major in the exuberance of his delight called her — 'Formasissima.' He had cause to alter his opinion soon afterward when she sunk with him in the surf. She was made of hard pine, the only material procurable, thoroughly saturated with salt water, and of course, her specific gravity was considerable. We plucked up the Major like drowned honor by the locks, and gently soothed his indignation by rolling him on a barrel to promote circulation. We also recovered the boat by means of the painter which floated ashore. It was made of rawhide, which when dry was inflexible as iron, and when wet, was no more susceptible of being made fast than the tail of an eel. One fine calm evening I fulfilled a long-cherished purpose of rowing round the Point, and richly was I repaid for my toil. The water was so exquisitely pure, that at the depth of thirty fathoms I could distinctly see the bottom covered with innumerable brilliant shells and star-fish of the most gorgeous hues. I allowed my boat to drift directly over the reef, and looked down into the calm depths with intense delight. It was a sight of unequalled beauty and grandeur — the rocks in one position, assuming a most fantastic and fairy-like appearance, and in another presenting ragged and savage masses, dark and cavernous as the halls of Eblis. In many places the rocks rose in sharp spurs or needle-like spires, at one moment projecting above the surface, and the next, submerged to the depth of eight or ten feet by the huge glassy ground-swell. I saw apparently long colonnades and arches, covered and festooned by countless graceful varieties of algæ — the ivy of the deep. There was a strange fascination in thus prying into the mysteries of the sea, and I gazed long and earnestly at the glorious spectacle. It was impossible to divest myself of the idea that I was looking down upon some vast sub-marine city; my fancy peopled it with Tritons, and Nereids, and I almost imagined I saw old Neptune himself, issuing from the porte-cochère of some ocean palace for an evening drive with the lovely Amphitrite. But these silent halls of the sea were deserted; there was no life within their borders; except a few small fish, and occasionally the grim form of some huge shark gliding slowly amid the fairy architecture — the Nemesis of the scene. On one portion of the reef, the sea was still breaking heavily. I approached as near as was prudent, and enjoyed the magnificent effect of the setting sun, seen through the crest of a wave. The summit was tinged with a brilliant yet exquisitely delicate rose color, with the exception of a small waving black line

formed by the shadow of the crest, and having precisely the effect of a long slender serpent. From this line the colors gradually melted down into crimson, purple, and finally into green of a wondrous depth and brilliancy. The whole effect of the vivid coloring, and ever-varying play of light was beautiful beyond all power of description. I found several superb varieties of kelp, one specimen of which I pulled up, and found it upward of a thousand feet in length. It was easily detached, for this plant has no roots, nothing but delicate tendrils, or suckers, with which it adheres to the rocks. It is often washed adrift by the waves, but this does not interfere with its domestic economy, for it floats along, buoyed up by its elegant pear-shaped air cells, and drinking in nutriment from the phosphates and alkalies of the ocean — not a bad emblem of the Yankee character, with its very slight local attachments, and its facility for getting a living anywhere. But it is also superlatively graceful — ‘and there, I doubt all likeness ends between the pair.’ As I advanced, I came suddenly upon a select party of sealions, who immediately formed in battle array, and whose massive heads and shaggy manes, with their fierce eyes, gave them a most truculent aspect, totally unlike the expression of quaker-like meekness and serenity in their half-brothers, the seals. Notwithstanding their formidable appearance, they are nothing but arrant cowards and swaggering bullies, a sort of marine Falstaffs, although they will fight desperately when wounded. I advanced toward them and they effected a masterly retreat, forming a crescent-shaped line, and always maintaining the same distance from the boat — shaking their huge manes, and filling the air, ‘with their sweet jargoning.’ I ceased rowing and lay down out of sight, and in a few moments they began to approach, smelling round the boat with the most eager curiosity. I then suddenly rose and struck one of them with an oar, when they took to flight with the utmost velocity, nearly capsizing the boat in their struggles, and I saw them no more. It was now quite dark, and I returned homeward laden with beautiful shells, which I bestowed upon our neighbor the gentle *Pikess*.

Our labors were now completed for the present: we had planted nearly two hundred and fifty acres, and there was nothing more to be done until harvest; so the Major and I resolved to make a visit to the head-quarters of the rancho. I may perhaps as well state here the result of our brilliant operations. We had paid fifteen cents per pound for seed, and the estimated cost of raising potatoes was two cents a pound. By one of those sudden mutations to which the San-Francisco market was liable, the price rapidly fell to three-quarters of a cent, so that our profits were decidedly minus. It was, of course, absurd to think of digging them; they would not pay the cost of transportation, and to the best of my belief, they are yet fertilizing the soil of Punta de los Reyes. I have lost my esteem for that nutritious vegetable, and the simple word potato will almost throw the Major into an apoplectic fit.

We now found ourselves upon an entirely new field of action. The ranch was a magnificent domain of nearly thirty miles square, embracing every variety of scenery, and including Point Reyes and the

land which we had leased in an ill-fated hour. The household consisted of ten *vaqueros* and an overseer, whose sole business was the management of the cattle, of which there were twenty thousand, and the horses, numbering about twelve hundred. The next day after our arrival, we were invited to assist at a *rodia* or weekly reünion of the cattle in the vicinity. This is done by the *vaqueros*, who drive them to a certain ground used for the purpose, where they are kept together two or three hours, interchanging human and bovine courtesies, in order to soften down the asperities of their dispositions and polish their manners.

We found we had a great deal to learn, and a great deal to unlearn, for all our previous habits and opinions were of very little avail. The Major and I imagined, in our ignorance, that we rode tolerably well, in the most approved English jockey style; craning forward, and rising in the stirrups, sitting in the saddle with the knees nearly on a level with the chin, and with a 'wild expenditure of elbow' — a practice sufficiently ridiculous in itself; but which, in contrast with the superb Californian horsemanship becomes supremely absurd. The *vaqueros* use very long stirrups, so that they form nearly a straight line in the saddle, and of course, the horse and his rider are apparently one flesh. Our manner of riding was a source of inexhaustible amusement to them; and when we first appeared, they were absolutely compelled to dismount, and roll on the ground in paroxysms of laughter. In the first place, we were compelled to learn to ride, in doing which, we soon acquired a sovereign and wholesome contempt for an English or an American saddle, and a strong faith in the universal efficacy of the *riata*. The Californian saddle is so perfect in its way, and so unlike any other, that I venture to describe it. The *fusta*, or saddle-tree, is a frame of wood made to fit the horse's back, rising behind into a very high crupper, and terminating in front in a long horn with a large flat head, for the purpose of making fast the *riata*. This framework is covered with rawhide, which is put on when perfectly green, and shrinks in such a manner as to be very tight and bind the whole together in the most solid manner. The *fusta* is sometimes very handsome, for the hide, when well prepared, is nearly transparent and of a delicate yellow hue, so that the whole has precisely the effect of a piece of amber. The *sinchia*, or girth, is made of small hair lines plaited together so as to be six or seven inches wide. This is much the best material, as it is the least liable to slip under the rude shocks to which the saddle is exposed when the *riata* fast to a wild animal. The *machias*, or housings, are formed of leather, sometimes elegantly embossed and carved in open work, or richly embroidered and ornamented with gold or silver plates. There is a semi-circular piece of the same material behind the *fusta*, called the *ancara*. The stirrups are of wood, very large and with *tapideras*, or broad leather coverings which serve to protect the foot in the chapparral. At first sight they appear very clumsy, as well as the huge spurs, or *spoilas*, but one learns their efficacy in a long day's ride over a rough country. The Spanish bit is doubtless known to every one: it is rather a cruel instrument, but its powerful leverage is indispensable in the rapid evolutions required in lassoing. The *riata*,

which in Mexico is called the *lariat*, and in South-America, the *lasso*, is about eighty feet in length, made of strands cut from a circular piece of carefully selected rawhide, and braided together somewhat like a whip-lash, or in some cases like what sailors call 'round sennit.' On one end there is a small ring, also of rawhide, through which the other end is passed, making the noose. The coil is held in the left hand, while the right whirls the noose in such a manner as to form a horizontal ring about nine or ten feet in diameter, and throws it forward by a dexterous motion of the wrist. It requires no little strength and skill to throw it to its full length, always keeping the ring open. I know of no sight more graceful, than a Californian riding rapidly round a corral, whirling his huge circle above his head, and throwing it with unerring precision. Thus armed and equipped, the *vaquero* is prepared for any four-footed adversary; even the formidable grizzly bear is a doomed animal when the *riata* flies hissing through the air. I was much interested in watching the process of breaking in wild colts, in which their magnificent horsemanship is displayed in its fullest perfection. The colt is allowed to remain in a state of nature until he is two years and a half old, when he is caught, and his first lesson commences, by placing on his head a *hacamor* — a sort of head-stall of rawhide, with a band falling over the eyes for a blind, and with temporary reins made from a *macarte*, or hair-rope. The *vaquero* then places the saddle, securing it by bracing his foot against the side of the horse, and jerking the strap until the *sinchia*, broad as it is, nearly sinks out of sight in his belly; so that at first starting the poor animal is obliged to puff like a locomotive. The blind is then removed, and he is held by a *riata* and allowed to *passer* with the *machias* and stirrups dangling about him, amid the yells of the *vaqueros*, who from his present antics, vaticinate his future performances. The horse is again blinded until the rider mounts, when he is once more restored to sight and left to pursue his mad career. In some case, they go off as quietly as the most subdued and veteran steed, greatly to the amusement of the childish *vaqueros*. At other times they remain perfectly immovable, and can only be induced to start by the strong argument of towing them with another horse. These, however, are rare cases; they usually commence their performances by every variety of contortion and compound motion of which horse-flesh is capable. Not all the rude shocks to which the riders are exposed can shake them in their seats; they sit firm and immovable, with an indescribable grace and *nonchalance*, vigorously plying the whip, and with their legs in constant motion spurring the unfortunate animal upon the neck when his head is down, to make him raise it, and high up behind, when the other end is *altissimo*. They always spur a horse upon the quarters, instead of the usual place, upon the flanks; because in the former case, there is less danger of inflammation from the ghastly wounds inflicted by their huge *spoilas*. These horses have a curious method of making tremendous lateral jumps, striking the ground in such a manner as to roll over. In such cases the *vaquero* rapidly disengages himself from the saddle, and manages to remount before the horse is fairly upon his feet again. They have one practice which few riders can resist; that of placing their



heads between their fore-legs, with their backs arched, and jumping 'stiff-legged,' at the same time whirling their bodies round in a semi-circle, alternately to the right and left. This rapid serpentine motion would unseat a monkey, but notwithstanding their critical situation, the *vagueros* are always perfectly easy and full of fun and frolic. One of their favorite amusements is, when their unruly steeds will permit, to ride rapidly across the rear of each other's horses, catching hold of their tails as they pass and endeavoring to throw them. One of their feats, which I found the most difficulty in learning, was to stop instantly from a full gallop. I had no trouble in stopping my horse, or in stopping myself, soon after; the difficulty lay in making the two operations simultaneous. On these occasions they are always accompanied by another *vaguero*, whose province it is to flog the colt with his *riata* until he is induced to go straight forward. This performance is continued, sometimes for three or four hours, until the horse is rendered comparatively tractable, and when he returns, he is indeed a pitiable object. He is sometimes perfectly blind from holding his head down so long, the stiff rawhide of the *hacamor* has worn off the skin in a ring round his nose, his neck and quarters are bloody and lacerated with the spurs, and the muscles of his whole body are quivering like a wet cloth in the wind. He is then turned out to rest for a few days, when he is again subjected to the same process, and this is continued until he is deemed manageable. The next step is to break him gradually to the bit, and the finishing touch of his education, is in a sort of bull-fight, where he learns to dodge the cattle, and to take care of himself generally. This is a great *festa* for the *vagueros*, who capture a number of the most vindictive and misanthropic old *toros* they can find. They are driven into the corral and their horns are sawed off so closely that the blood spouts in torrents from the stumps. I have seen an amiable *vaguero* sawing their noses, in order to make them more ferocious. They have many such barbarous practices — in fact, a society for the suppression of cruelty to animals would have abundant occupation on a cattle ranch. The colts are then introduced, the riders waving red blankets, still farther to exasperate the cattle, and taking care in the mean time to keep their own legs out of danger. The colts are exposed to the furious assaults of the *toros* until they discover the propriety of getting out of the way. I have seen a horse and his rider tossed ten or twelve feet in these encounters. The *riata* is occasionally thrown, and the horse learns with astonishing rapidity that his safest course is to keep it always tight. A well-trained 'las horse' evinces extraordinary intelligence in anticipating the motions of the animal to which he is attached, and will brace himself in readiness. Their riders may leave them with impunity, and they will remain all day, always keeping a strain on the *riata*.

It was a proud moment in my existence, when I first succeeded in catching a bullock in the most approved manner, by the neck, and one fore-leg, so that he was obliged to hobble on the other three. A *vaguero* lassoed him by the hind-leg, to save trouble, and prevent him from rushing at my horse, and in this manner he was escorted to the place of slaughter. It is comparatively a simple matter to throw the

*riata* upon the open plain, but in a crowded corral it is quite another affair. The horses on a ranch usually run in bands, called *caballadas*, or in *manadas*, or companies of mares, each with its attendant steed, who keeps them together and prevents all outsiders, or as the Pikes call it 'antelopers,' from approaching. When the *vaqueros* wish to catch their horses, they usually drive the whole band into the corral, and it requires no little skill, when a dozen *riatas* are flying at once, to keep them from getting entangled. Some of these horses were so well trained, by sad experience in choking, that they would follow if the end of a *riata* were simply laid across their necks.

As we advanced in equestrian lore, the Major and I made many excursions over this noble territory, and discovered much that was interesting. But the time would fail me to tell all our adventures; how we became mighty hunters, and scorning all meaner game, shot magnificent vultures, whose wings spread nearly thirteen feet, and bald-headed eagles, and sand-hill cranes standing five feet high, and antelopes and elk, and on one occasion, a superb 'California lion'; how we discovered the remnant of a tribe of Indians, with a veritable king; how we basked in the sunshine of royalty; how we found that his majesty went barefooted, and sold clams for a living; how he begged all our tobacco, and stole powder, so that we were obliged to cut him; how we had an election at the ranch, where the Major was chosen county treasurer, and became pensive upon discovering that there was nothing to treasure; and lastly, how the writer of this history was nominated for Justice of the Peace, and respectfully declined when he learned that the fees were uncertain, and the distances to be travelled preposterous, thus enjoying the distinction of being the only man in the county without an office. There was a number of squatters upon the ranch, of the genuine 'Leather Stocking' stamp, with whom the rifle was the *vade mecum*, and who had a sovereign contempt for a shot-gun. We had much interesting converse with these gentlemen, and one of the most imaginative described to us the manner in which the 'grizzly' catches his prey. He stated that the bear on coming down the side of the mountain, would enact the part of a harlequin, rolling himself into a ball, and playing such fantastic tricks, that he would excite the attention of the cattle who are very curious. By this means he would insidiously approach near enough to select the fattest cow, and make a spring upon her, biting her through the spine, so as to disable her, when he would throw her over his shoulder and trot pleasantly away, to discuss her at his leisure. He also added, that he had seen a 'bar,' shading his eyes with his fore-paw, in order to see more distinctly, and make a better selection. All this, the Major implicitly believed. The 'bar' were very numerous upon the ranch, and we often met them in our rambles; at first with some trepidation, but we soon learned that they were inoffensive and disposed to mind their own business; unless, indeed, we met a lady bear with her infant family, in which case the tender mother would take the aggressive, and we always found it best to sacrifice dignity to velocity. On one occasion, I went out for the purpose of picking blackberries, which were very plentiful, and encountered a grizzly engaged in the same innocent

recreation. I was a little apprehensive at thus disturbing him at his meals, and deemed it prudent to mount my horse, in readiness for any emergency, and continue my employment from his back. He was seated on his haunches about fifty feet from me, and fed himself by grasping with his claws a handful of the vines, and scraping off their contents, leaves and fruit, into his mouth; presenting a ludicrous resemblance to a greedy school-boy. He was too pleasantly engaged to pay me much attention, but gave me an occasional glance from the corner of his eye; while my horse watched him with the most intense eagerness, in readiness for his slightest movement. When he had eaten his fill, he trotted slowly away with a very comical air of after-dinner complacency. I had no doubt that he was humming to himself some cheerful ursine strain as he went along, and felt tempted to offer him a segar.

By this time I had acquired some confidence in my skill in throwing the *riata*, and I determined to join the *vaqueros* in their next bear-hunt. Accordingly, one moon-light night we carefully selected our steeds, and started upon an expedition, but without the Major, who could not be induced to join us. In fact, he was afraid, and remained at home, predicting all sorts of calamities. We could not find a bear, and only succeeded in getting lost in a dense fog; so that we were obliged to spend the night '*à la belle étoile*.' In the morning, when we returned, we were greeted by the Major with a sort of I-told-you-so grin, that was very provoking. But the whirligig of Time brought about his revenges. Among other tales of our veracious friend, the squatter, he told us that he once owned a flock of sheep in another part of the State, and that one night a hungry grizzly came into the fold in search of his supper. The sheep at once attacked him, although, of course, they could do nothing but rush at him, and pile up one upon another, so that he was nearly smothered in mutton, until he had selected his victim, when he simply shook them off, and departed. This little touch of natural history served to show us how completely the character of that noble animal, the sheep, has always been misunderstood.

'Now, Major,' said I, '*Hæc fabula docet* that you, a puissant warrior, the hero of a thousand battles, ought not to be excelled in bravery by a sheep. Despise not the teachings of this valorous quadruped, but follow his bright example; take his name for your watch-word, and grasping in your manly hand the swift *riata* of destruction, rush on with us to victory.'

By this style of argument we at length raised his courage to the sticking point, and on our next expedition he announced, at the eleventh hour, his determination to join us. The best horses were all taken, and he was obliged to content himself with an ancient steed belonging to me, hight '*Tanti bogus*,' who deserves a passing notice. He was well stricken in years — 'the oldest inhabitant' of Point Reyes — and subject to every infirmity and vice that horse-flesh is heir to; yet in spite of these disadvantages, he was full of fire and vivacity: an admirable 'las horse,' ready to face any thing, and quick as lightning in his movements. The chief trait in his character was *unexpectedness*. He had but three-quarters of an eye, his tail had dropped off, and he had a

hump on his back like a camel ; so that in saddling him, I was obliged to put the *fusta* on the top of his hump, and build up round the edges. Moreover, his nose was singularly twisted, he had a very sore back, and one of his legs was so crooked that the portion below the pastern was only perpendicular when he was lying down. He would eat any thing belonging to the animal or vegetable kingdoms, but his appetite for human legs was uncontrollable. He had a way of throwing his body into a perpendicular position, with his head between his fore-legs, which was not agreeable to a timid rider. I could not help admiring his great originality in devising new methods of locomotion. His gait was in fact so execrable, that after riding him a few moments, the Major declared that he had seventeen legs, all of different lengths. This time we were more successful. We found an immense bear ; and after a short run, which tried the speed of our best horses, we succeeded in bringing him to bay upon a hill, where he sat upon his haunches, striking out with his fore-paws, and growling with most intense rage. One of the *vaqueros* threw his *riata* round his neck, but before he could get a strain upon it, the bear threw it off with his claws, precisely as a man would take off his cravat. I then threw mine, which lodged on his paw and slipped off ; and he made a spring at me, which I succeeded in dodging. In the mean time another *vaquero* had caught him by the fore-leg, and the Major rushed up with the courage of desperation, and managed to lasso him by the neck ; but, unfortunately, he did not wheel his horse with sufficient rapidity, and the *riata* was drawn across his back, scraping him off the saddle. The bear instantly made a spring at him, but was checked by the *vaquero*, who was fast to his leg, and came down upon his nose, within six feet of him ; but the impetus was so great, that it rolled over the *vaquero's* horse, and tore the saddle completely in pieces. The Major picked himself up, and in a few moments there was nothing to be seen but a horizontal coat-tail in the distance. Another *vaquero* caught the bear by the neck, and started his horse suddenly behind him, jerking him over on his back, when we instantly lassoed him by each of the legs ; and while he was thus spread out and helpless, a *vaquero* dismounted, and taking his *cuchillo* from his boot-leg, (the only suitable place, by the way, to carry a hunting-knife,) he very coolly proceeded to butcher him. By the time he was dead, the Major reappeared, and, thirsting for revenge, buried his knife in the body of his prostrate foe : a feat of valor, only equalled by that of cutting off the head of the defunct Hotspur ; or by the bombardment of Greytown. We bestowed on him the title of 'Ursa Major,' which, much to his annoyance, he *bears* to the present day.

We had many such adventures, (always without the Major,) and never failed to capture our grizzly, when we could find one. One of them attempted to escape, and dragged off two powerful horses with the greatest ease, until the *riatas* were slipped. I saw a poor wretch who had his head broken in, and the flesh and sinews of his shoulder completely torn off by a single blow from their tremendous claws. On one occasion we found a bear, and brought him to bay upon the extreme end of the Point ; and he was so eagerly engaged in defending himself, that he lost his self-possession, and backed off the cliff, falling six hun-

dred feet upon the solid rock, which put an effectual stop to his career. I had the curiosity to go round in a boat, and found only a mass of minute fragments of bone and muscle, wrapped in a very dilapidated skin.

Our last exploit, was assisting at a grand *rodia*, nothing less than the assembling of all the cattle on the ranch. The proprietor had sold a thousand head for the San-Francisco markets; and every one upon the ranch was pressed into the service, as well as the neighboring *vagueros*. Our first operation was to make a substantial fence across the end of the Point, leaving an aperture about two hundred yards in width. We were obliged to ride over the whole thirty miles of the ranch to collect the cattle together, and drive them to the Point, which was an operation of no small magnitude, and not altogether unattended with danger. Wo to the unfortunate pedestrian who crossed the path of the infuriated herds! The old *toros* from the mountains were not remarkable for sweetness of disposition, in their happiest moments; and now, under the combined influence of heat, rage, and thirst, fatigued by running, and frightened by the yells of the *vagueros*, they became absolutely demoniac.

As I was riding rapidly down a steep hill, in order to head off some of the cattle who were trying to make their escape, my horse caught his leg in a ground-squirrel's hole, and he and I rolled together about a hundred feet to the bottom, and into the midst of the savage herd. Fortunately, neither of us were injured; and before the cattle recovered from their astonishment, I was again mounted and out of danger. After infinite labor, we managed to get them into a compact mass; and hemmed in on all sides by the *vagueros*, they commenced their stately march for the Point. The scene at the fence was not devoid of sublimity. For more than five hours this resistless tide of life rushed in a mighty stream through the opening, while the ancient cliff trembled with the shock of eighty thousand hoofs, and reëchoed their discordant bellowings. Many were killed in their fierce encounters with each other; and we were compelled to wait till they had cooled down into a more placid frame of mind, when we went in among them, and separated the cattle chosen by the butchers, and then allowed the rest of the immense host to return to their respective homes.

Here ended my experience of ranch life. I was reluctantly compelled to bid farewell to Point Reyes and its manifold delights; and after a mournful glance at our broad acres of potatoes, I departed from its borders. I have never seen it since; yet often in the stifled and crowded city, my fancy reproduces its varied beauties. More especially when Rhadamanthus, my landlord, comes in for the rent of the fiery furnace which he is pleased to term a commodious apartment, do I sigh for its glorious freedom; and gladly would I relinquish all that civilization has ever smothered within brick walls, to live once more in the midst of its ocean sights and sounds; its wealth of exhilarating, electrifying atmosphere; its savage mountains and broad plains, covered with noble steeds, scarcely less fleet than the fierce eagle wheeling in majestic circles above them; its life of joyous action and excitement, 'exulting and abounding;' and forever mingled with all this, the wild, sad music of those untiring, unresisting, Pacific surges.

## A V I S I O N .

## I.

I SEE a beautiful river,  
Like a silver ribbon unrolled:  
On its banks is a shining harvest  
Ripened and yellow as gold.

## II.

And voyagers float on the current,  
Striving each to be first in the race,  
And they heed not the rich abundance  
Left thus on the banks to waste.

## III.

They stop their ears to the voices  
Calling clear from the burdened land:  
Shouting: 'Come to the fields and labor,  
There is work for every hand.'

## IV.

But onward, with joy and laughter,  
In their happiness float along,  
While the rippling waters answer  
To the music of their song.

## V.

They say: 'We were made for the sun-shine,  
And to follow in pleasure's train:  
We scorn the toil of the harvest,  
We hunger not for the grain.'

## VI.

But God has raised up reapers  
To bind up the golden sheaves,  
And God has appointed gleaners  
For all that the binder leaves.

## VII.

With prayer and an upward looking,  
With a sickle keen and bright,  
They reap the glorious harvest  
Of purity, wisdom, and light.

## VIII.

And the precious seed they gather  
In the season of hope and youth,  
Shall live in its sweetest fullness  
In the blessed bread of truth.

## IX.

The bread for the perishing body,  
For the heart that is fainting and chilled,  
The food for the soul of the mourner,  
Of which all can eat and be filled.

M. L. R.

*Rochester, (New-York.)*



## A BRIEF EPISODE OF MINE HOST.

BY EBEN BARTON.

WHEN the traveller from our own country leaves his native land in search of health and pleasure, he is constantly looking forward to the keen, bracing air of the Swiss 'highlands' and mountains, as the spot under heaven where that which is exalting to the mind and invigorating to the body can be most readily found combined. The true *voyageur* will not content himself with viewing the heaven-piercing summits of the Alps and the lovely valleys which they encircle, from the *coupé* of a diligence, but will view them a-foot, staff in hand. He will stop at the lesser villages, where true welcome is always extended to the pilgrim, and where his ear will be delighted with the tales of the chamois-hunter and the evening blast of the Alpine horn.

It was on these principles that I halted at the little town of Münster, a name hardly known to the tourist, but one which will be always agreeably associated by me with the Swiss hospitality there experienced. The evening was lovely, and its silence unbroken save by the tinkling bells of the flocks grazing on the mountain side. Old Pierre Berger, the worthy landlord of the village inn, set before me the wholesome fare of the country, and gave me all the news of the valley, restraining his curiosity concerning the affairs of other countries till he saw my appetite appeased. The meal ended, we sat on the porch looking down the valley of the Rhone, there a mere creek, the extreme end of which was the Wesserhorn, whose top was glowing with that exquisite roseate hue, characteristic of the Swiss sun-set. And here let me give you a few stray lines sketched by a wayward traveller in the little arrival-book at the inn, as being *à propos* to the scene :

'His daily course the sun has almost run,  
The far-off Alps seem now to grow more bright,  
As at the thought that they may once more rest  
In their own dark, chilly gloominess.  
Down yonder vale I see the Wesserhorn  
Lifting his dazzling whiteness to the clouds,  
While nearer stand, in bolder, darker line,  
The lesser mountains, envious of his dignity.  
See now! yon mighty peak with efforts vain,  
Striving to intercept the last bright ray  
That gilds the village spire and fir-tree dark,  
As though it could enhance its own stern beauty.  
Methinks it calls to that dark thunder-cloud  
As to a comrade more congenial,  
While the sun, with one bright effort parting,  
Leaves them in softened outline on the sky.'

But to return, Pierre brought out two well-used 'Meerschaums,' and having lighted his, bade me do the same with mine, and then inquired abruptly : 'Do you go over the Grimsel Pass ?'

I told him that I intended to do so, and then waited for him to re-

sume. He puffed rapidly for a few moments and then said, pointing to a small chalet far up the side of the valley: 'Do you see that little house?' I assented. 'Now,' continued he, 'while we finish our pipes I will tell you a story, and then we will go in and have a game of Morris.'

'I am all attention,' I replied, and he thus began:

'About fifteen years ago, when the civil wars distracted Italy, some Italian banditti came over the passes and made this part of Switzerland their retreat. One evening, about this time of the year, (August,) I was sitting here on the porch talking to my little daughter Marguerite about an *affaire de cœur* with one Jacques Martel, which she had just confessed to me, when a fine-looking Italian came up and inquired for a night's lodging, saying he must be gone in the morning. I did not like his eye, but as he seemed tired, I gave him my best room. The morrow came, but he did not depart, and toward evening he gave me to understand that he would remain some time. He noticed Marguerite too much to please me, but as I sent her away with the flocks every morning I cared little, for Jacques was ever with her when she returned. A month passed by, and still no inclination to depart was manifested by Gasparoni, as the Italian called himself; and now he used to go early up the mountain-side and come down just at eve. Marguerite confessed that he used to come and sing to her. I remonstrated with him, and Jacques threatened; but he promised to do so no more, and insinuated himself into the friendship of the unsuspecting fellow. Early in September he prevailed on Jacques to take him chamois-hunting near the glacier of the Rhone, where you go to-morrow. They started early in the morning, and were not to return till the next evening. Quite early the next morning, before I was up, I heard a knocking and went down to the door. It was Gasparoni, *alone*. He said that Jacques had fallen into a cleft of the glacier, and wanted me to get assistance and go to the rescue. We went back, but there was nobody to be seen in the cleft, but a Swiss eye detected blood on the ice. At my instance, we bound Gasparoni and took him back with us. Poor Marguerite was near dead with terror. Night came on and we were again aroused by a knock; it was a traveller soiled and weary. He said that in crossing the Grimsel a party of men had taken his horse from him, and put a man, whom we at once knew to be Jacques, on in his place, and after beating him had left him for dead. He had at length wandered to our door. All the youth in the village went in pursuit and overtook the band. They released Jacques and brought him home. The Italian, fearing immediate punishment, confessed that he was the leader of the band, and took that method of ridding himself of a rival. He begged for life so earnestly, that we sent him across the pass, back to Italy, never to return on forfeit of his life. With what I could spare from my earnings, and Jacques' little means, we purchased the chalet yonder, where they now live happily as man and wife. But my pipe is done; come in and taste some 'Neufchâtel,' and to-morrow I'll take you up to see them; and I'll wager you think them the happiest couple in the canton.'

' T W I L L A L L B E O N E . '

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO PROFESSOR I. M. PHELPS, MISSISSIPPI UNIVERSITY.

'IT WILL ALL BE ONE A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.'

'T WILL all be one, 't will all be one,  
When dim centennial years  
Their arrowy flight have run  
Through Time's dark vale of tears;  
When soars the unfettered spirit free,  
Heaven's sun-light on its wing,  
Thy radiant vault, Eternity,  
No more earth's groveling thing!

'T will all be one, 't will all be one,  
When in my robe of white,  
I sleep where star, nor moon, nor sun,  
Can shed their cheering light,  
Though I have watched them rise and set,  
Forever set to me:  
Though hearts I've loved my name forget,  
My grave forgotten be.

'T will all be one, though round my brow  
The magic wand of Fame,  
With glory-leaves is weaving now  
The chaplet of a NAME:  
Or known by few and loved by less,  
I go from life and light,  
Down to the tomb's chill nothingness —  
The grave's Cimmerian night.

'T will all be one, though DRYES' halls  
Have echoed to my feet,  
And fretted roof and gilded walls  
Have watched my slumber sweet:  
Or with the beggar I have trod,  
Oppressed, life's toilsome way,  
And dreamed of crowns upon the sod,  
My humble throne, the clay.

'T will all be one, though wealth should smile,  
Or poverty should frown:  
The cottage low or stately pile,  
The scaffold or the crown:  
When all life's pomp and ermined show,  
Dust's common level find:  
And all we love or loathe below,  
The soul has left behind.

Earth's pageants all will play-things seem,  
A painted bubble broke:  
Chimeras of a cradle-dream,  
Gone ere the slumb'rer woke,  
When from their toyey meshes, DEATH  
The captive soul sets free;  
The joy that hangs upon a breath,  
How great its fallacy!

But oh ! it will not *all* be one,  
 When life's swift race is o'er,  
 To wake 'neath heaven's unsetting sun,  
 An angel evermore ;  
 Or grope in wo a tortured CAIN,  
 Where ghosts of murdered hours,  
 Evoked from Memory's aching brain,  
 Knell spirit's ruined powers !

Then *here* it cannot *all* be one,  
 If virtue's path we tread,  
 Or folly's sinful mazes run,  
 Misleading and misled ;  
 If God, and good, and love to man,  
 We cherish in our breast,  
 Or centred in self's narrow span,  
 Our proud distinction rest.

*Holly Springs, (Miss.)*

G. ZELOTES ADAMS.

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LEAVES FROM THE LIFE OF A LAWYER AT LAW.

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BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

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I AM no literatus. One cannot well be who is constantly occupied with the cumbersome duties of a profession like that of the law. Yet I feel just in the humor to narrate some of my experiences in professional life, and will not be tedious. I feel delicate, however, about speaking in the first person in an article of this kind, (not intended to be auto-biographical in any sense,) and were I master of the requisite legerdemain, I would manage to make all my allusions here without introducing myself as an actor. I would associate my readers and third persons with all the scenes. But professionally — though I do n't know but I should be obliged to spare my readers — lawyers habitually consider those whom they are serving, no matter in what capacity, as their clients ; and Lord Brougham says ; ' The lawyer in the discharge of his duty, knows but one person in all the world, and that person is his client ; ' a principle, I suppose, which could be more widely expressed in the sentiment : *Dulce et decorum est pro clientibus mori*. The scenes, more or less completely sketched, and in the sequel, are some of them plotted in vacation, and I cannot be so free with my disparagement as to suppose any but myself the chief performer. I had one trait, I had almost said qualification, at the commencement of my career, in common, so far as I have since been able to observe, with the best part of the profession ; I mean that of extravagance, or lavishness in money matters. I would venture to moralize here upon this trait of character, were it not that my present allusion to it has already suggested the awful embarrassments which it occasioned in my own case, which I cannot better describe than by making an extract from my diary, of a date subsequent to my admission to the bar :

'JULY 12TH, 10 A. M. — I have just made inroads upon my last six shillings in the matter of a cup of tea, and a plate of brown bread and butter, at the bakery, and am testotally miserable. I can't look over my papers but a pesky board-bill stares me in the face, the arrears at my last boarding-place, and to insure the payment of which, I left a part of my library; and this bill, so help me Lord Coke, I have no means of paying, and no hopes that any accident will enable me to do so for months to come. The books must remain, and my brains go hungry for my stomach's sake, and my often-repeated infirmities of pocket. I owe a bill at the tailor's, which I would fain discharge. My intellectual brow has sweltered all summer, like a slave stowed in the hold, under the pressure of a heavy black beaver. How often do I meet my more fortunate confederates, looking fresh as green corn, under the broad expanse of straws and leghorns which toss back the sunshine like magic. But here let me receipt six dollars, which I have just received for *services rendered*, and which makes me almost ashamed to go on with this horrid enumeration, or I would speak of my last pair of shoes, patched and tapped, mended and blacked, till they would scarcely adorn the veriest clodhopper — and then my landlady and washwoman — and the first of August my office rent! Horrors! 'Let me not think of it!' But why should I quote from the despairing and maddened HAMLET? I would rather my mother would murder the whole royal family of Denmark!'

Here this entry is interrupted, not however, till enough has been said to show that the trait I have mentioned, however professional, is not always a source of happiness and good humor to its possessor. I will not, therefore, venture to characterize it as a qualification, nor give myself much credit for having it.

Opposed to this, I had what may with some propriety be called a *dis*-qualification; not a physical, nor even mental difficulty, specifically speaking, yet something, as the sequel will show, which proved a serious obstacle in the way of my early success. I grant we should not be too forward in speaking of obstacles, (unless it is to state how we overcame them,) after the example of the great lawyer of Athens, yet I fancy that even Demosthenes, after having conquered his impediment and ungraceful attitude, would have hesitated before the awful magnitude of this impassable breach, this lion in the way, or whatever you please to call it, which confronted me in my early professional efforts. I was in love. Perhaps I cannot better develop this chapter in my experience than by introducing a letter of mine to my college chum, written in my eighteenth year, during a temporary residence in the country for my health. The letter is hastily written, and reads as follows, omitting date, etc. :

'MY DEAR JACK: I am rusticated at this beautiful village, and am happy as a cricket, and almost as black from exposure to the sun. But let me hasten to tell you of an adventure, if I may call it so, though I shudder at the harshness of the term. I have made the acquaintance of the most charming girl in the universe! You may laugh and say I am in love, but I never was in love, and am not now; though I am completely charmed with the transcendently beautiful and lovely M ——. I do believe that nature meant us to be fast friends. I know you will make fun of all this, and tell the Sophs that I am in love; but it's no such thing. The feeling that I have toward the angelic M —— is akin to that which you have represented yourself as having toward some favorite in college; only she is a lady, and very beautiful, and you know what difference that makes. I'll tell you how we got acquainted: I attended a strawberry festival here some time since, and being generally known as an invalid from college, received attentions from almost every body. Well, M —— constituted the chief attraction of the company; I did not think so much then, however, of her being beautiful, though she was exquisitely dressed and was faultless in form and feature; she served me to strawberries, and we chatted a little once or twice, but it was not till afterward that I was led to think much of her, by my friends speaking of her often, and saying to me that she could beat the college boys in Latin and mathematics. Her father has the finest place in the village; it is slightly elevated above the road; the ground sloping gradually in front, and in the rear extends back on a level through green fields to the mountains. It is a perfect gem of a country residence. The house is a three-story double wood

cottage, with a portico on the three sides seen from the road, and an observatory. The portico is covered with trellis-work, which is run over and interwoven with vines and shrubs of different varieties, giving the external of the house a very sylvan appearance. There is an unostentatious foot-path bordered with plants of almost every species, leading from the front-door down to the yard-gate. The neat iron fence next the road is lined with different kinds of shrubbery, and on each side the gate-way are tall honey-suckle vines supported by a trellis, which runs a little way up the walk. Now I must describe our next meeting. There had been a severe rain all day. The clouds broke away about half an hour before sunset, and passed eastward. The west was beautifully golden; a bright rainbow spanned the dark back-ground, over-head was the blue sky like peaceful waters, here and there embracing the dark island-patches of the broken storm-clouds. It was most enchanting. The rain-drops stood on every thing, the air was deliciously fragrant. I was out for a walk, and inadvertently took the road passing M——'s residence, and the side-walk next to it. M—— happened to be at the end of the walk by the gate-way, gathering flowers for a bouquet. Her presence was partly obscured by the gate-post and the tall honey-suckle, so that I did not perceive her till I got opposite the gateway: our eyes met, and a nod of recognition passed: I stopped, I can't tell why, and shall not inquire till I have described her. She was dressed in a loose white gown, with a belt about the waist. Her hair hung in jet-black, glossy, natural curls upon a neck white as alabaster, and slightly exposed. Her eyes were black, and marvellously deep and expressive; but I will not go into romantic details: she had a bunch of flowers in her hand, all dripping with the fragrant rain-drops, and it seemed to me that her hair and eyes were moist with the same; she looked so like the flowers, and so in harmony with the freshness and exuberance of nature; I confusedly stammered out:

"Those are charming flowers, Miss M——"

"The rain has revived them," she replied, "and I am trying to glean one more bouquet from the last spring flowers."

"I knew not," rejoined I, "that any spring flowers could be fresher or more beautiful than those in your hand."

"Do you think so indeed?" said she, "this bouquet is but half-completed, and altogether unarranged; I have one in the parlor-vase, which I made up only a few moments ago, which you would indeed think beautiful: I will show it to you."

"So saying she tripped lightly up the walk and in a moment returned with the vase of flowers. It consisted of large twigs and branches from the plants and shrubs, inserted loosely in the vase, but always with reference to proportion and the different character and shades of the leaves: the flowers were interspersed according to their size and color, and the whole presented the most perfect symmetry of nature and mosaic of art. I took it in my hand and expressed the most unbounded admiration, while she took occasion to say that she was unaware of my being an invalid, at the festival, or she should have volunteered some earlier attentions. I assured her I was well cared for, and that the heaps of flowers on my table bore witness to the generosity of my friends."

"I believe I served you with strawberries," replied she, "but had I known you to be such a lover of flowers, I should certainly have favored you in that respect; but I will make amends now, if that will be acceptable."

"I bowed my compliments, and was about raising the flowers from the vase, when she staid my hand, ejaculating:

"Pardon me, they are not tied, and you will ruin it: if you will trouble yourself to carry it as it is, the vase may be returnable at your leisure."

"This was all done on her part in the most genuine, unaffected politeness. But I have n't time to detail to you how the return of the vase commenced our delightful intimacy; how my uncle's acquaintance and reputation secured me a good standing at once in M——'s family, and how we play back-gammon, read HORACE and VIRGIL, etc., together on a beautiful *tête-à-tête*, in the portico behind the trellis! I am the happiest mortal in existence, JACK — too happy to live and feel, although I love you, that I can ever leave this place to return to you."

"Yours, ever, etc."

The sequel to this is easily imagined, and it is needless to say that my last year at college was more prolific in love-letters than in honors, and my mind more absorbed in dreamy anticipations of the future than in preparing for its realization. The great fact that the future is but a new edition of the present, whose success or failure always dates back, seems to have escaped me. My eyes were ever directed to the cloudy distance, and the stumbling and digression thus inaugurated, was no inordinate prelude to the distraction and perplexity which followed



upon my commencement in business. I was sanguine of success, I was absolutely certain of an immediate prominent position at the bar. In this tempest of heart and confusion of mind I graduated, and was admitted as an attorney; I was not unaware, however, of my entire unfitness for making an effort. For nearly four years my whole nature had been surging under this strange revelation of love. I considered it essential to that repose of mind which is necessary in business, that I should be married before attempting to practise; but I was without means. During my college course my father had become involved in his business matters, and was unable to give me farther assistance; not accomplishing my last year at college, what my success for the first three had led him to anticipate, he seemed to have lost a part of his confidence in my ability; and advised me to become a teacher for a few years, till my own industry would place me on a proper footing to commence in my profession. This galled me beyond measure, unused as I was to any thing but the lavish aid and encouragement of friends. I did not, however, choose to explain, and misconstruing my father's motives, experienced for the first time in my life the strange, awful feeling of exile, or bereavement; I now laid the matter before my prospective father-in-law; M—— advocated my cause with all the eloquence of deep interest and affection. He seemed, however, not quite ready to trust the keeping and happiness of his only daughter to one who had, as yet, seen life only in pictures; yet he consented to think of the matter; took two days to deliberate, and at the expiration of that time, a period of sad suspense, I received my sentence. I was condemned to practise law independent and unaided for one year, and then report my success. Dreadful sentence, thought I; cruel, inexorable judge! M—— and myself shed mutual tears, and then concluded to become reconciled. A hasty adieu, and I was on my way to the metropolis of our State. I think no one but myself was aware, at that time, of my reduced circumstances. I had, after reaching the city and paying my expenses, just \$50. Letters of introduction which I carried with me, secured me some speaking acquaintances. It was suggested by several of these that I should commence as a clerk with some reputable firm; but I was not unmindful that I must achieve an *independent success*, and construing this in its strictest spirit, I hired a small room in the third story of a building used for offices, and proceeded to fit it up. It never occurred to me that my means were on the brink of exhaustion, and after putting my room in trim, bills were presented as follows:

For carpet,	\$15 00
Three office-chairs and lounge,	13 00
Office desk and appurtenances,	15 00
Sign,	1 50
	<hr/>
	\$49 50

Leaving me in pocket the noticeable sum of fifty cents, the spectacle of which, I believe, first directed my attention to the importance of capital in commencing business. I began to be uneasy about my prospects. Only fifty cents of pocket-money in a large and extravagant city! And I knew not when my board-bill might be presented, or how to defray the little incidental expenses which city life always incurs. But in this

extremity I was destined to temporary relief. Some of my new acquaintances calling and finding me snugly fitted up, gave me some cash jobs of drawing up papers, which availed me about five dollars, and renewed my courage. I was supposed to be a young man of independence and wealthy connection, so that there was no lack of attention and encouragement. Several weeks passed on, however, without any more cash jobs, when on entering my room one night I found on my table a bill with items as follows :

For board, six weeks, at five dollars per week, . . . . .	\$30 00
“ Washing, sixty pieces, . . . . .	3 60
	<hr/> \$33 60

I was confounded ; I could not meet the demand, and immediately begged my landlady for a postponement. She stated that it had already been delayed, and that it was customary to present bills weekly. Horrors ! what could I do ? This was my first experience in being ‘short,’ and I was on the point of sending home for relief when I happened to recollect that my hopes depended upon my reporting success *unaided*. I was overwhelmed with distraction, and for the first time, forgot to write my periodical weekly letter to M — ; this I tried to make amends for the next day by writing a letter, wet with tears, and praying her to forgive my neglect. The next post brought me a frenzied epistle from her, which it took the last particle of life in my poor bruised and wrung spirit to answer. Then set in the combined horrors of my probation, sleepless nights, extreme nervousness ; letters of grievous or dubious import to M — , and agonizing replies from her ; for what did she know whether to attribute the change manifest in me to embarrassment or some other cause !

One day I was constrained to unbosom myself to one of my acquaintances, who had manifested an interest in me, and stated to him my father’s circumstances and my own extremity. He was startled, and seemed rather to conclude me an adventurer. After this, calls from my friends became less and less frequent, and my perplexity waxed close upon desperation. My landlady became importunate, and I was obliged to make new arrangements, an allusion to which is made in the extract from my diary *supra*. Thus, with no alternation, except from one depth of despair to another, passed away the first ten months of my probation. I was one day musing alone in my office over my affairs, and thinking what I should report at the end of the next two months. What could I say ? What was there in my diary but the records of my successive failures and the tokens of despair and evil apprehension ? During this ten months I had tried two petty causes before a justice of the peace, and drawn up a few papers, the whole avails of which would not exceed thirty dollars. My rent was in arrears ; my watch and a great part of my valuable library had been disposed of to appease my more annoying creditors. There was little left of me except my own haggard person. During this ten months I had visited M — four times, the last two at considerable intervals ; and the fear that my appearance at my last visit had unfavorably impressed her friends, haunted me continually, and completed the climax of my misery. My mind was tossing with unprecedented violence from these accumulated sources of

embarrassment and my failing strength, when the door opened and a beggar entered and presented himself for alms. My whole nature was too intensely susceptible at this time to allow me to repel him, though I had often done so before. I threw him my last quarter; and as he retired from the room I burst into a flood of tears. All day I wept with nervous and involuntary persistency. In parting with my last quarter I deprived myself of the means for procuring food for the day, as I took all my meals at the bakery. But I had no desire for food, and that night retired on an empty stomach. I soon slept from extreme weariness, and dreamed of being hungry, and seeing a table set with fine things. In the morning my stomach began to assert its rights; I felt elastic and in remarkable spirits; I was astounded at my own buoyancy. It was a bright morning in August; I threw open the window, and a fresh breeze blew back my hair and seemed to whisper hope and promise in its every breath. 'Starve to death!' I ejaculated with a roar of laughter. 'I will demolish more than one *cellar window* first.' I started into the street hungry as a bear. Had I the face to present myself at the eating-saloon without money? Could I borrow of any one? A few moments' reflection brought on the horrors of the day previous, and I went to my office without breakfast. I was seated with my feet upon my desk and a book open before me, thinking whether to make a sacrifice of my feelings and try to borrow money; or whether, under the stimulus of hunger, to scour the city for business, or try my skill at a novelette for the newspapers, when my door opened and the beggar again presented himself. I felt insulted and incensed at this, supposing that he wished to lay me under another tax, but in a moment observed that his head was streaming with blood! This beggar was familiarly called 'Old Giles' by those who knew him, and as he is to play an important part in the sequel, I shall be somewhat minute in my description. He advanced without speaking, and when within a short distance of me, raised his hat. I observed that a large piece of scalp was gone from the top of his head, laying bare the pericranium from the crown to the forehead. His head being nearly flat, it appeared as though it might have been struck off by a blow with a sharp-edged bludgeon. The abrasure was about three inches wide by six in length. The wound was obfuscated, and presented a hideous aspect. After my assuring the old man that I pitied him, but had no money, he was not slow in telling me the circumstances of the injury. The story purported that he had been knocked down and run over the night previous while turning Deming's corner (I may say here that the names used are all fictitious, as I would not be justified at this early date in using the real ones) by a two-horse coach, which ran across the corner pavement and tore away a part of Deming's yard-fence; that he knew nothing after being struck till he found himself on the side-walk, and Jasper, the baker's boy, trying to raise him up; that he recognized the coach to be Neal's, and the driver to be young Neal; that he was hurt in five places, the head, chest, stomach, thigh or groin, extending down into the thigh, and the feet. 'Strange that you were not killed,' thought I; but he, in answer to my question, said he was 'not much hurt.' My curiosity at length became so excited that I called in a physician, Dr. Ray, and we made an examination. The chest-bruise was about three

inches below the collar-bone, elongated, extending from one shoulder to the other. It might have been made by a carriage-wheel, yet seemed too light, as there was no breach, but simply a black and blue line from one side to the other. The next was a deep bruise about the size of a dollar, just to the left of the pit of the stomach, on the fourth rib. How could this have been made? thought I. *How?* Just on the edge of the right groin, and extending down on to the thigh, was a bruise of about five inches in diameter, making a breach of the skin and heavy marks at the two extremes on the thigh and groin. This seemed to have been made by a horse's foot, with a thick shoe, and was apparently the most severe of all the injuries. The left foot was slightly injured. The shoe, which had a prodigiously thick sole, seemed to have been struck edgewise by some heavy body, which crushed the sole on the edge somewhat, and sprung it slightly at the centre. This, I judged, must have been made by the wheel. But how was the head-wound made? I became intensely desirous of knowing the philosophy of the matter, for there was a shadow of mystery about it. Why was he not crushed, trampled to pieces? His frame was too slender and feeble to resist the injuries which it seemed to me he *must* have received. There were no marks except in five places. These five injuries were slight, leaving the patient, feeble as he was before, strength enough to walk home that night and appear in the streets next day. There were indications that he did not escape the wheels and hoofs, in the chest and groin; yet how happened the others, especially the deep bruise in the stomach, no larger than a dollar; the scalp, seemingly scraped off by some sharp instrument; the violent blow which must have been struck on the thick heavy sole, sufficient to have crushed the foot to atoms, for the sole was not wide, over *an inch thick*, and was considerably sprung at that! Yet Dr. Ray did not seem to be impressed with the strangeness of the affair. We left Old Giles, and visited Deming's corner together. There were the wheel-tracks; the nick in the curb-stone, made by the fore-wheel; another, about eight inches above it, made by the hind-wheel; the mark on the brick under-pinning of the wicker fence, made doubtless by the fore-wheel when it struck, and on a direct line between this and the corresponding nick on the curb-stone was Old Giles's *lost scalp*, stuck fast to the side-walk, doubled together and flatted as though a hundred tons' weight had been on it! Dr. Ray laughed at the discovery, peeled off the *relic*, yet saw nothing *strange* in the fact that his patient had been so slightly injured!

My interest in the case increased. We saved the dried scalp, and located the place where we found it, at my suggestion. I saw the baker's boy, and learned that 'the smash' took place about eleven o'clock in the evening. He was approaching the corner in a direction to meet the vehicle as it tore against the fence near the corner, and carried away a reach on the side next him. As it plunged by him he saw it was Neal's carriage, and that young Neal was driving. On coming up he found Old Giles lying on the side-walk senseless, and attempted to raise him up. He said, also, that Neal and Deming had been on bad terms for many years, and he presumed it was done intentionally. I had been led on thus far more by curiosity than any thing else; but at this announcement, I determined to make a law-suit out of it.

On going back to my office I told Old Giles, whom I found asleep on the lounge, that he ought to have damages. He was startled at the idea, but soon consented to an arrangement. I was to undertake the suit for half the profits. All this while, however, Deming was trying to ferret out the trespasser upon his fence. The matter was soon noised around; he found the baker-boy, had by him learned that his old foes, the Neals, were the authors of the mischief, also that Old Giles was an injured party. The latter he soon traced to my office; and after talking the matter over with Old Giles and myself, he hinted that it was doubtless intentional, so far as he was concerned, as the Neals had been disaffected toward him for years; and finally said that he felt himself called upon to take notice of the matter, and as I had interested myself in behalf of Giles, I might conduct his cause too, and with this drew his check for fifty dollars, and withdrew.

The Demings and Neals were among the most prominent families, and I had abundant cause for self-congratulation, but was too deeply interested in the matter to feel much elated with my first fee, or even to think that my stomach had been more than twenty-four hours without food. I dismissed Old Giles in the afternoon, got my check cashed, and after taking a light supper, went out for a walk. I chanced to pass a crowd at a corner-grocery, who were having our affair under consideration. 'Pity it had n't killed the old vagrant,' said one, speaking of Giles, at which all laughed, and some remarked that there was no danger of his ever dying, etc., which led me to believe that Old Giles being in very bad odor with the townsmen, I would make very little in advocating his cause upon its merits. In fact, Giles was, by common reputation, an old vagabond and a public nuisance. I listened, however, still farther, and heard many disparaging things said about the Neals, which seemed to meet the approbation of all; and a few days' observation satisfied me that Deming's cause was most favored by the public. These things which I learned thus casually, enabled me to form the true plan for proceeding in the matter, which was in form as follows: Deming's suit should precede the other; and as the facts in the case would be incontestable, the demand should be for such moderate damages as the jury would be sure to approve. Giles's suit should follow as soon as it could be got on, and be for an arbitrary amount. I could thus introduce Giles as a witness in Deming's case, blend the two interests, and secure a complete success beside. This would have a tendency to bolster up Giles's cause with the public. My plan in this respect seems not to have been discovered by the other side, and I succeeded so far in the preliminaries for trial that the causes stood, Deming *vs.* Neal for one day, and Giles *vs.* Neal the next. I placed the damages in Deming's case at only one hundred dollars, a sum not much more than necessary to make the repair upon the fence; but Old Giles growing worse from the hurt in his stomach, so that the Doctor suspected an internal hemorrhage, I placed his at ten thousand dollars. I endeavored to anticipate every possibility of defence. The fact seemed to be so incontestable in both cases, that I was unable to see any rational plea for the defence except nominal damages. This plea could not prevail in Deming's case, the claim there being so reasonably small; it would have more chance in the other; yet I had endeavored to help the matter out by my ar-

rangement, and had thus far succeeded to the best of my wishes. Well, the session had begun, and Deming's cause came on. I had opposed to me General Beverly, one of our oldest and most distinguished counsellors. I opened the cause in a very, modest way, and put in my proofs. Beverly replied with characteristic good sense, and wished to introduce young Neal as a witness to prove that the whole was the result of an accident, the horses having become frightened. But this was overruled as irrelevant. This served, however, to give me a hint as to the character of his defence. It flashed upon me like lightning that young Neal would be introduced the next day in Giles's case to testify that Giles was lying drunk in the road, and frightened the horses. I only waited to hear the jury bring in a verdict for Deming for the full amount claimed, before leaving the court-room to reëxamine the grounds where the affair occurred. I was determined to satisfy myself, and strip the matter of all mystery, if possible.

Again I was impressed with the strangeness of the affair in connection with Giles's injuries. The wheel that so flatted, and almost separated the fibres in the tough scalp, or sprung the thick sole of the shoe, would certainly have crushed the poor fellow's chest. How was the bruise in the stomach made? These things must be accounted for in some way. I analyzed and reanalyzed. I had still in my eye a diagram of the whole, and could locate the place on the flag where the scalp was pulled off. I reasoned as follows. A horse cannot easily be driven upon a man; he would instinctively turn to the right or left. In nine chances out of ten, in the case of a man's being driven over by a double team, he would be struck by the end of the coach-tongue. This might have given the small but deep bruise in the lateral stomach. Giles was undoubtedly near the middle of the path; walkers naturally go there, unless there is some obstruction. On this supposition I found, by estimation, that the fore-wheel must have struck the curb-stone about the time he received the blow from the end of the tongue. This impulse, compounded with the direct motion of the carriage, would precipitate his body in a lateral direction, which would make an angle with the line of motion of the vehicle. A forward hoof thrown out, and striking the fallen and partly turned body in the right groin or thigh, with the extra effort occasioned by the wheels' striking the high curb-stone, would naturally turn the body 'end for end,' with the exception, perhaps, of the left leg, which, hanging loosely, would not follow the motion of the body to which the impulse was given. Now supposing this to have taken place, the head would lie nearest the coach, the right leg on a line with the body, and nearly at right angles with the line of motion of the vehicle, and the left leg at an angle with the right one, bringing the left foot near the coach-track. Well, by our hypothesis, the forward wheel, bounding on the curb-stone with a certain velocity, not extravagant to be supposed, would hardly touch again till it reached the place where the head lay, when coming down with tremendous force, it grazed the skull, causing the abrasion, and nearly annihilating the piece of scalp. The force of the vehicle being slightly broken by this, the shock of the hind-wheel in striking the curb-stone (which it did about a foot above the other, as shown by the marks,) would be less violent; and if the fore-wheel grazed the



skull, the hind-wheel would cross the chest ; not, however, till its descending velocity and momentum had been broken by the left shoe, with its inch sole, which by our theory was nearly on a line with it.

This hypothesis, which perfectly solved the mystery, was the only one I could devise, which the facts would verify. It was perfect, so far as estimates could be made, and was *true*. It supposed two important items : that Giles was standing when struck, and on the sidewalk, where he had a right to be. The fact of his being on the sidewalk when run over, I could prove by the piece of scalp, stuck and flattened on the carriage-track, which was in the possession of Dr. Ray, without being known, however, to the opposite party. I was thus prepared. In the trial of Deming's cause Giles had been brought in on a litter, and introduced as a witness. His emaciated form and haggard features excited considerable sympathy, and spoke eloquently for the poor fellow's cause, which was coming on the next day. I had thus secured a step the advance. Beverly seemed nettled at this. I had outwitted him in my plans, and he just began to be aware of it. He sat down to the trial of Giles's cause with a nervous severity on every feature. He hardly condescended to bid me good-morning. I kept my temper, and opened my case modestly as on the day previous, and introduced as a witness the baker-boy, Jasper. He testified what has been previously stated here, and was submitted for cross-examination. Beverly was severe almost to brutality, and finally drove the boy into an admission that Giles's clothes were covered with dust and dirt when he found him ; that he looked as though he had just crawled out from the road. I deemed it judicious to withhold Ray's testimony till I had opportunity to see Beverly's defence. He introduced Neal, as I anticipated, who swore that he saw nothing of Giles ; that his horse became frightened at something in the road, and unmanageable, which occasioned the accident in reference to Deming's yard-fence, etc. Beverly made a long speech, in which he attempted to show that according to all probability, Old Giles was lying in the road, drunk, and occasioned the whole mischief. He was terribly bitter on poor Giles : 'his known reputation as a loafer and vagabond ;' 'his unreliability ;' 'his worthlessness.' 'Why,' said he, 'the miserable vagrant has doubtless hoodwinked his counsel, stuffed him with a plausible story of his wrongs, and promised large recompense in case of the successful issue of this suit. I am very sorry for the youthful simplicity of his counsel : but must the misfortunes which are incident to vagrancy have such a claim on pity as to over-ride justice ? Must the miserable outlaw, who, by a criminal act, has occasioned one unhappy piece of litigation between two of our most respectable citizens, be made the beneficiary in another suit, which he has the beggarly audacity to bring against parties whom he has injured, for injuries which he has himself occasioned ? Preposterous ! — doubly preposterous !'

At the close of his speech the court-room rung with applause, and I was almost ready to despair. I rose, however, and stated that the learned counsel's defence had somewhat surprised me, but that I was, nevertheless, prepared for it. I here introduced Dr. Ray, to testify as to the nature of the injuries. His testimony, despite the cross-examination, which, however, was blind, and of not much account, im-

parted the facts as I have given them heretofore ; but nothing was said about the piece of scalp. I then went on to speak of 'the singular nature of the injuries ; how insupposable it was that Old Giles should be run over as my learned friend would have us believe, and yet not be more or less severely injured, than was the case here ;' and finally developed what I deemed to be the true theory in the case : stated that I had estimated every thing in connection with it, and that my hypothesis was indisputable.

The jury and spectators were getting strongly impressed with my elaboration of this theory, which took over an hour, when Beverly arose, and said he wished a moment's indulgence : he perceived the jury were somewhat interested in what he deemed to be the sheerest fiction. Fiction, said he, in the closest and purest sense of that term, perfect and harmonious in all its parts, symmetrical as any piece of architecture. He would give the youthful counsel credit for possessing great constructive powers. His theory tallied well with his testimony ; but how does he know that all this did not take place in the *road* instead of on the side-walk ? There is the flag-stone walk which crosses the road just above the corner, sufficiently raised to answer every purpose which the gentleman's theory requires. He has told us *how* the thing was done, and I admit the plausibility of it : let him now tell us *where*.

I rose in reply, and stated that I had one witness more, whom they might object to as being connected with the case.

'You can't introduce the plaintiff !' ejaculated Beverly.

'No,' said I coolly ; 'I wish merely to introduce the plaintiff's *lost scalp*.'

There was peal on peal of laughter. Ray was again on the stand, produced the scalp, and swore to the circumstances of finding it. The facts which constituted my case were proved, and I had simply to make my closing appeal.

'The jury will consider,' said I, 'that in the new phase which this case has now assumed, all which my learned friend has said to disparage my client has no application. There is no evidence before you that his former course was vicious or unworthy. He stands before you now, an injured man ; a man stricken in years, to whom these personal injuries may, with no slight degree of probability, result in decrepitude and total imbecility for the remainder of life. He was molested while in the peaceable possession of his rights, and in consequence, now lies a cripple, unable to help himself even in the slightest degree. The same wanton act of violence trespassed upon the person of one of my clients and the property of the other. The verdict which was here rendered yesterday, repairs the damage done to one of the injured parties. No verdict which you *can* render to-day, not even the apparently exorbitant one demanded in the declaration, can make good the other. The jury yesterday saw fit to lay these defendants under contribution for the destruction of another's property. Can they do less to-day than rebuke that high-handed lawlessness which permitted them to do rash violence to the sacredness of another's person ? Shall opulent insolence be allowed to invade every place, and trample under foot the most sacred human rights with impunity ? Is the sphere of the common law so

narrow that it cannot embrace the cause of the poor, destitute, and helpless? If so, where is the immunity from murder and every species of outrage to male or female, except in freehold estate? Where are the rights of man, held sacred even by heathens? Your verdict to-day shall tell what estimate you are disposed to put upon that which God has exalted above every thing else earthly, and made only a little lower than the angels.'

My peroration, delivered with nervous earnestness, had all its desired effect. The jury brought in a verdict in my favor, and assessed the damages at eight thousand dollars. The tidings of my success, through the papers, anticipated my report; though the pecuniary part of it still remained to be disclosed. Neal did not wait for an execution, but promptly satisfied the judgment with his check for the amount, half of which of course I retained. The suit was tried in the early part of October, and by the middle of the month the settlement was completed; and after cancelling all assets against me, I found myself the independent owner of three thousand five hundred dollars in cash, the avails of my first year's practice, beside the reputation of being the first junior at the — bar. Eligible connections were proposed by several of our first lawyers, among whom was the notable General Beverly; but at that time there was another matter uppermost in my mind, and I deferred every thing of a business nature. I wrote to M —'s father, hinting that my *year* expired on the twenty-fifth instant, saying also that my *report* was ready for that day, and begging that our nuptials might not be longer delayed.

I have already said that it was October; a month, in my estimation, not surpassed for beauty by any in the calendar. Arm-in-arm M — and myself walked the fields near her father's house.

It was near sun-set, and the air was dreamy. Every thing in nature, the grass under our feet, the fruit-trees, the staunch old mountains in the dim distance, and even the western sky, wore the russet, autumnal hue. That evening we were to be married. I in my twenty-third year, M — in her twenty-first: we were both silent. Here was a drama fraught with all the thrilling effects of deep and vital contrast; the old year waning with its sere and yellow leaf; the dying day, serene and suggestive in its sombre twilight: on the other hand, we, young, hopeful, and just on the verge of Love's coronation. There was too much for reality, and I choked with tears as I attempted to speak. Bliss, especially the bliss of love, is capable of an almost painful intensity. Tenderness waxes too deep to be earthly, and the whole being swoons away into speechless and indescribable transport. How all things sweet and heavenly seem to well up from the heart's depths, and gather upon the auspicious hour of love's consummation. It needs the pencil of a Raphael and the pen of a Milton to describe it. In addition to all the happiness incident to the occasion, I had the satisfying consciousness of having *earned* my bride, as Jacob did. And here let me venture to say that I know not why people should not earn their bride as well as their fortune, or their *salvation*, or any thing else valuable. The consciousness of having earned a thing enables us to confide more strongly in its possession; and through all the recent agitation about 'woman's rights,' 'individual sovereignty,' etc., it never

has occurred to me that I did not own M — as well as our two boys, and little M —, who looks very much like her mother, and bids fair to set some college boy crazy when her turn comes.

But one word at parting ; I don't know but I may be considered a *senior* now : if so, let me hint to the *junior* who reads this, that there is nothing like making a persevering trial. Days and years flit by, and there is no staying the onward march of things. Work yourself threadbare to make *some one* happy, and success and happiness come unthought of.

' L I T T L E     A L A N . '

SOFTLY press the silken fringes  
O'er his eyes,  
Where no more on earth shall sparkle  
Sweet replies ;  
But in those clear depths shall never  
Tears arise.

Gently clasp the snowy fingers  
On his breast :  
He hath need of prayer no longer :  
He doth rest  
In the arms of his REDEEMER,  
Fully blest.

Close the tiny mouth, where dimples  
Used to smile ;  
Whence sweet child-like thoughts were uttered  
Without guile ;  
Thou must miss his tender kisses,  
For a while.

Smooth the hair above his forehead  
Calm and pure ;  
Thou for him wilt have no anguish  
To endure :  
He is safe, and of his gladness  
Thou art sure.

Gaze beyond this hour of darkness —  
Sorrow's night —  
To the realms where joy endureth  
Ever bright ;  
There a little angel soareth,  
Clothed in light.

Thou ere long shalt join thy darling  
On that shore  
Where all pain, and grief, and parting  
Shall be o'er ;  
There to dwell in love undying,  
Ever more.

Charleston, (South-Carolina.)

MAY.

## A N I N V O C A T I O N .

'BE NOT VOICELESS, O MY SOUL!'

BURST thy bonds, immortal SPIRIT!  
 Fly unto the realms of THOUGHT:  
 Tell the wonders thou 'lt inherit —  
 Catch the gems that TIME hath wrought,  
 Weave them in a wreath of fame,  
 Till immortal is thy name!

Dip in *truth* thy words — then utter  
 Them to every distant clime;  
 Let but gems of purest water  
 Crown thy brow throughout all Time:  
 And till ages cease to roll  
 Be not voiceless, O my SOUL!

Like the eagle's soaring pinion,  
 And its bright sun-gazing eye:  
 Soar thou far from Earth's dominion  
 Till thou reach the realms on high:  
 Seek not Earth's fast-fleeting praises,  
 But to God thy anthems raise!

See how fast the hours are flying:  
 There's *no* moment for thy rest!  
 Mount! — no time now for thy sighing,  
 For the slothful are unblest:  
 Up! and labor now, my SOUL,  
 While the ages ceaseless roll!

Let thy fancies, freer, brighter,  
 Touch anew the strings of art;  
 And thy spirit-fingers lighter  
 Wake the Music of the Heart:  
 Let new beauties ever roll  
 In thy numbers, O my SOUL!

Burst thy fetters! — by they broken!  
 Let not silence chain thy song:  
 Bliss awaits thee by this token —  
 Angels shall thy lays prolong:  
 Wisdom, pleasure, *hope* are thine,  
 If thy songs with TRUTH entwine.

Burst thy bonds, and sing a measure  
 Of the brightest realms of thought:  
 Chain the heart of man with pleasure  
 By the seraph strains thou 'st wrought:  
 Twine them in a wreath of fame  
 Till immortal is thy name!

NINA.

*Savannah, (Georgia.)*

## *The Hut.*

BY HENRY J. BRENT.

### Book Second.

#### CHAPTER FIFTH.

SHE sat like a sculptured woman, and the light from a riven cloud fell over and around her. It was a vision of sun-light and woman-light, and that spot where she was sitting shone like an altar in a shadowy chapel, so bright was the beam around her, and so dark were all other parts of the apartment.

The common mystery that imparts to woman in the ordinary occupations of life so much of interest, and such a wealth of charm, is an endowment that at first gives to our hearts the incitement of devotion, and afterward rewards us with the assurance that the mystery was no fiction. Too frequently, however, it happens otherwise.

But as I came so suddenly upon this drooping figure, whose presence in that lone turret-room was, for the instant, like a thing of dreams, (for surely I knew nothing of that visit when in the morning I left the Hut,) a sensation like to that of awe came over me when I discovered her sitting so calmly in the old sad scene; and that mystery of her sex, which interweaves itself into every thing, the eye-look, the hand-gesture, the foot-move, the winning smile, the repulsive and inexplicable flash of appreciative comprehension of opposite character, and that so makes up the woman, was here, if I may use the phrase, in all its combinative forms around her, the very essence and might of mystic majesty. I knew at once who the woman was. It was Mrs. Danbrey.

It was my intention to withdraw as quietly as I could, hoping that I had not aroused her attention; but though my approach, as I before intimated, was without noise or hurry, yet it was not sufficiently so to prevent her being cognizant of my presence. Without turning her head, or changing her position, she said, in a quiet, steady voice: 'Come in, Mary.'

I was closing the door without speaking, when she again spoke. Her voice this time had a tremor of anxiety in it:

'Is that you, Mary?'

Fearing that possibly she might learn afterward that it was I who was at her door, and fearing also that she might attribute my visit to other motives than the real ones, I was now forced to undeceive her. My position was an awkward one. I knew who she was: would she understand who I was? All these thoughts that I have been expressing from the time I commenced this chapter, passed rapidly through my mind upon that occasion, quicker even than it takes me to write this brief sentence of explanation:

'It is not Mary, Madam.'



'It is not Mary! Then who is it?'

This time she turned quickly, with a countenance evincing great alarm, and as she did so, I hesitated what next to do. Was I to advance, or back myself out of the door-way, leaving the issue and the explanation to some more favorable opportunity?

A man makes either a foolish figure or saves himself in such a dilemma. There is no medium in such positions, for it is either a time for disgraceful failure or of saving inspiration.

An old courtier in the ante-chamber of Louis the Fourteenth would have had no trouble about it in the least; but to me it was one of the most difficult moments of my existence; nor was it improved when I caught the expression of that face that half in fright and half in anger turned questioning upon me. People very seldom see such faces now-a-days. They are faces made by nature and by circumstances, and seldom do such circumstances exist as helped the mother Nature in the chiseling out and filling up of that great expression that stared me at that instant out of countenance, I should say, out of present courage. There was beauty enough even in its comparative decay, to set up a phalanx of modern belles; and there was, beside the beauty that so much prevailed, a stately dignity, a haughtiness, a personal pride; I was going to say majesty, but she was simply a country lady, and majesty belongs by right and universal suffrage alone to queens; at least, so I learn; and when she turned and asked me, 'Then who is it?' I would have thanked a bountiful PROVIDENCE if it had allowed two of the planks beneath my feet to have given way, and permitted me to have passed unobserved, like a ghost in a pantomime. Peeping Tom of Coventry flashed across my mind, and all the exaggerated ideas of peeping in general, as I pondered over the situation into which my unlucky stars had placed me. However, I suddenly thought of a method that would satisfy the emergency, and so, with the steadiest voice I could command, I said: 'I am a friend of Father Thomas.'

Like a true lady, she rose from her chair and crossing the room, without more ado, with a gentle manner, she extended her hand to me, and I took it, and we were acquainted.

'I might have known who you were without frightening myself, or annoying you; for old Mary told me that you were here; but I understood also that you had left, and it was so droll to have the door of this old turret-room opened in silence. Nervous people,' she continued, 'are more startled by silence than by noise, and, to tell you the truth, I am a nervous woman. Now if you had stamped up the steps, I would have thought at once that it was Sampson, but you came like a spirit, or like Benny Brown, the Indian. By-the-by, have you seen Benny?'

I told her that I had, but I did not tell her how lately, and under what circumstances I had seen that worthy aborigine.

As the frigid zone of new acquaintanceship gradually yielded to the gulf-stream of conversation, I related with as much eloquence as I could command, my adventure with the Indian on the preceding evening; and while I spoke to her, I could not but observe that a new sentiment began to express itself upon the countenance of my companion. That sentiment was expressed with great distinctness and singularity, and

only the previous knowledge that I had upon one or two particular points, enabled me to understand it as plainly as I read this word that I am writing now. At times she certainly did not hear one word that I was saying, and again she was absorbingly alive to every minutia of the incidents. When I told her about Lizzie, and how totally she was unlike in face and manner either her father or her mother, an anxious shadow passed across my listener's countenance, and she muttered to herself: 'Too long postponed, too long, too long.' Several times during my narrative she fixed her large strong eyes upon my face, and then it was that I knew she did not hear one word I uttered, and the blood almost ran chilly in my veins, when at such moments I remembered what the old negroes had said about my resemblance to Richard Danbrey, the dead. When I finished the recital of the adventure that in part composes the pages you may have read before in this tarrying narrative, if narrative it be, she drew her breath heavily, as if she had been undergoing physical suffering. Once or twice I saw that she was upon the point of asking me a question, but she did not, (a question that I almost desired to anticipate,) though I knew that she was anxious to find out about my connections, thinking that possibly in that way she could discover some blood affinity that might explain the resemblance; for in the primitive country where we lived, family shoots radiated to all divisions of the social wheel, but were sometimes lost in the rapid motion of the social vehicle and the impenetrable dust of the life-road we were travelling. I was afraid now to look toward the panel on which was painted the portrait of her husband. Did she, with the aid of that mysterious intelligence that comes to us at times upon peculiar and almost equally mysterious occasions, read me as I read her, and did any other sentiment arise in her heart like that which gradually was arising in my own, and that made the interview in my eyes one of deep and peculiar interest and importance? Did she already feel toward me as I felt toward her, I the lonely, she the lonely too, with the memory of the lost? What spell of thought was it that made me think then as I had not for a long time thought, or even had hoped to have thought or felt again? In the fairy theatre of the brain, when all by themselves, how do the players rehearse their several parts. Now they wander amid wild scenes, where the sands of the desert blow off from a dreary shore into a dreary sea; or when, shifting with the aid of their quick assistant elves, the scene is made to change to orange-blossomed groves, with streams meandering through, made golden in the reflection of the sunlight fruit, with nymphs bathing in the brooks, sprinkling with sparkling stars of the refracting flood, their nude forms of witchery and of woman; or sometimes, when the house is full, they play the part of heroes, mad with ambition, of lovers crazed with love, and drunkards dim with wine, or all three in one brave devil of a demi-god, who sits upon his throne in a grand palatial realm of exquisite delight, and bids the hours turn to glories, and the minutes of the fleeing time to troops of garlanded goddesses, who, with black eyes and wavy hair, and palpitating bosoms bared like swelling billows to the eyes of Jupiter the star, whirl before him, and, whirling, shed around the aroma of a past Paradise, wherein one woman was an element of bliss, and revive, to all who see, the

dreams of the great sad poets, who wept and worshipped while they sang ; or changing suddenly from all this pomp of passionate devilment, or by whatever name your morals and your education may think it best to call it, how the scene shifts in the great amphitheatre, and the moon comes out with stars attending her, she looking through the mists of the low horizon first, looking, and hoping, and rising gradually, while she calls her maidens around her and bids them bring their lamps and set them all about in heaven, that she may see the plainer whither *he* has gone ; and how she moves in her majestic pace of wifely loving ; and at last the arch is reached, beneath which she knows he bent his proud head of light ere he went down from the skies and away from her, and then she catches sight of him from that high place, her sovereign and her lord, and on the sudden how the enraptured wife breaks out in one broad smile of light as he too sees her fully now, and thus she watches him marching with his spears and his shield among the frozen giants of the north, and sees him send the aurora of the ice before him, as banner-bearer among the snowy realms of eternal silence and eternal gloom, if he came not ; and then the cunning elves cross over to the sides again and shift the painted imagery, and lo ! we see our homes where we were raised, and players are playing over again the comic or the sad dramas of our childhood days ; we see mothers kissing us in the broad light of the nursery fire, and fathers hearing, as they stretch themselves, after the day's work is done, upon the old loved sofas of their rest, in the parlors with the rich chintz curtains hanging at the windows, hearing the night-prayer to the young child's FRIEND and the old man's God ; and then the curtain drops and the players are dismissed, the lamps put out, the theatre is dull and dumb, and sleep and forgetfulness weave their webs around the gilded ornaments and over the dresses scattered everywhere about in the quick vanishing, and the sound of the sweet orchestra that awhile ago was playing such grand, high tunes of battles, soft tones of languishing love, or ' Sounds from Home,' is now mute as the lover's tongue, when he feels that silence is the eloquence of truth, and a syllable of joy. While I sat and looked at Mrs. Danbrey, my heart beat with a calm throb of rapture, in which was mingled something of despair, for as I looked at her I thought of one who was dead, and the vision of my mother stood before me, and gradually through the mind's tears I saw my mother place her pale hand upon the living lady's head ; and when she went away, as the vision did, I thought that she meant that I should love this woman nearly as I had loved her. But I dared not let her see the impertinence of my fantasy that came out of this dream or reverie ; but there I stood by the window, as calm and as stoical to all appearances, as if I had neither the memory of a mother in my brain, or the hope of a mother's kindness ever coming back to me through some other medium. (Those who do not like my sentimentality may go across the street and buy a novel, wherein a man blows out his grand-mother's brains in the dedication, and the hero fights six duels in the preface, for I am not writing a 'sensation story'.)

'You are brave to think of living here alone,' remarked Mrs. Danbrey, after a long pause, (I had told her a portion of my plans ;) 'but

have heard it said, that ever since De Foe wrote his *Robinson Crusoe*, the love for solitude has increased upon mankind, and particularly, if not entirely, upon the young.'

I was willing that my desire for retirement should be placed to the account of the great solitude biographer, and so I told her that in part at least her theory might be true; however, I could not but express to her the hope, that even in this wilderness I might be able to find some body whom I might visit; 'some family,' I said, laughingly, 'with whom, as in the good time of old, I might go to church on Sundays.'

Was it that she thought of her young Emily as I spoke?—for again the anxious shadow crossed that countenance, so beautiful and so expressive, of Mrs. Danbrey. Had she any peculiar vision, whose presence she would shut out, in which I dimly figured in connection with that Emily? I do not know, I did not know what were the lady's thoughts; at all events, she told me that her home was over among the hills, a lonely home, almost as lonely as the Hut, but that there I should always be a welcome guest; and then we talked about Father Thomas, and she told me that no flaw had ever existed in his character; and of many pleasant things that pleased me as they pleased her, for we both held him in high esteem. We talked about Lizzie, and she gave me to understand that she had doubts about her being Rude Keller's child; strange stories had got about, as will always float around in rural and remote districts, where every trifle is turned into importance, that made her feel a deep and deeper growing interest in the girl; and she felt assured that Father Thomas knew more of her situation than any other person, but that he would divulge nothing until the proper time; and so we chatted, while over the great sky all the while the storm was gathering its army of scattered clouds, and bannering them to the very zenith, and placing them in positions along the murky horizon. The gloom had long ago swallowed up the shrine-like light in which she had been sitting, and our converse was broken in upon not unfrequently by distant peals of thunder, that died away even in their cradle, far among the wooded hills; but no report had been severe enough to silence us entirely, and I could not but tell Mrs. Danbrey of my first night's adventure in that room, and of how old Mary, out of her own mind, sent spirits up into the deserted turret, and made them residents at her scared pleasure. While I spoke, the gloom darkened throughout the room, and I observed that Mrs. Danbrey also seemed to share the physical condition of the scene and time, and I could evoke no smile at the fright occasioned to me by the ghost-playing cat that hunted vermin in her old home. She rose from her chair, where she had re-seated herself after she had given me her hand, and was now standing by the window, looking toward the meadow and the river. There was a universal pall thrown over the landscape, and at that moment a vivid flash quickened through the air, and on the instant the loud boom of the thunder swept the earth, and before I could recover from the effect of the sudden report, Mrs. Danbrey shrieked:

'He is dead!'

I naturally looked over the space before the window, and in the midst of the darkening storm, I could see, within three hundred feet of

us, where a small arm of the river had diverged from the main current, and had forced itself through the long grass, a tree, splintered by the lightning, and beneath, on a bank that rose from the sluggish water, was stretched the body of a man. We stood in silent awe for a moment, and it was Mrs. Daubrey who was the first to break the solemn and terrific hush :

‘Go to him, for God’s sake !



I descended the turret-steps, and in a few moments I was standing over the senseless body of Colonel Blackford.

#### CHAPTER SIXTH.

THE rain was falling in torrents, one of those deluge sheets of tempest-shower, so remarkable in the middle section of the United States, and through its liquid curtain flashed at quick intervals the bristling battery of the storm. Autumn seemed to have robbed the summer of its attributes, and so it happened that mercy and rescue came down with the heavy and all-deluging rain, without which, vain would have been my exertions to relieve the thunder-smitten Blackford. It was evident, after a few moments, how he was affected ; and I was greatly rejoiced at the discovery that he had only been stunned by the blow that had shivered the tree, near which lay his course at the moment of the electric contact. I raised his head upon my knee, and looking down into his face, I could not be otherwise than struck with the form of the countenance so singularly placed before me. His age ranged between fifty and sixty, judging it by the silvery scattering that mixed with the original ebon color of his hair. The forehead was broad, and in the



centre was a deep indenture, that at first sight appeared to be the result of some physical injury, but that was not the case. Even in the rigid condition to which his whole face was now terribly reduced, there was a look of unmistakable melancholy, mingled with a development of firm and unflinching resolution. Vaguely as I had been impressed against this mysterious person, my prejudice gained no new force by my scrutiny of his marble and death-like face. On the contrary, there was a something lordly in its dread composure that won me in an instant to the man. Thoroughly military was the contour of the head and outline of the features, and the idea was confirmed by a survey of the tall, thin, but muscular body, that so helplessly lay stretched before me, dripping with wet, and numbed by the concussion. I chafed his temples, and endeavored, by active friction of his hands, to recall animation; and the thorough soaking he had undergone since he received the shock, aided me most effectually in restoring him to partial sensibility.

While I was engaged in these offices of restoration, old Sampson, doubtless sent down to my assistance by Mrs. Danbrey, had joined me, and I was in the act of lifting him, with the negro's assistance, with the intention of bearing him to the house, when the Colonel opened his eyes, and gazed wildly around him. In their wandering they were lifted toward the dark vault above us, and as I stood leaning directly over him, I came into his view. He gazed steadily upon me, examining me with the most fixed and wondering scrutiny. Then he withdrew his regard, and for an instant Sampson, kneeling near his feet, attracted his attention. I looked down upon the singular workings of his face with a vague suspicion, an undefined intuition; and though the storm poured down its flood, and the thunder rolled its peals, I had no power, indeed no wish, to check the coming revelation of the sufferer. After he had for a moment looked steadily at Sampson, his eyes reverted to my face, and as they did so, his chest heaved, and his firm-set lips parted, and he vainly tried to raise his right hand, as if with the intention to take mine, that lay within reach upon his shoulder.

'My God! has it been a dream: oh! has it been nothing but a dream?'

I half-understood the meaning of this speech, and well could I read the wild delirious gleam that had flashed in his eye, as, but a second's time before, he had gazed upon my face; and a human kindness in my heart honored the deceit I practised, as I said, while by a sign I directed Sampson's aid, and lifted him from the ground: 'It is but a dream, Colonel Blackford. Let us take you to the house.'

'Then these are not the widow's tears that have fallen on me,' spoke once more the lightning-shattered man. 'These are not the daughter's tears that wet me so. I am not the slayer. Thank God: thank God: He tells me it is but a dream.'

He spoke no more; and as gently as we could, we lifted him from the ground, and commenced to carry him by the narrow path, and through the long, dark grapes, to the Hut. It was well that both Sampson and I were not of the pigmy race, else difficult would have been the task of bearing that helpless and almost inert mass over the slippery soil. We struggled on, however, I with what strength I had,



and with full willingness, Sampson, with his giant force, but not with a giant will, until we reached the clump of trees that screened the stables from the house. Arrived there, we halted in the shelter of the grove ; and no sooner had I placed Colonel Blackford in a sitting posture, with his back leaning against a tree, whose thick branches afforded an opportune protection from the driving rain, than another personage was added to the group, and one whose presence I would very willingly have dispensed with. This was no less a person than Benny Brown, the Indian. He came upon us as unheralded by noise, or even sound, as ever, and seating himself at some distance, but within easy sight of Colonel Blackford, he rested his chin upon his hand, and without the movement of a muscle, he fixed his eagle glance upon that pallid face, whose unopened eyes and deep expression of suffering would have appealed to any other foe than the stern fanatic of vengeance that sat in silence before him, grudging the fatality of heaven, that seemingly had rescued the victim from his grasp. It was a group well worth the painter's pencil or the Christian's prayer.

'Let us lift our friend again, Sampson, and get on into the house ;' and as I spoke, I proceeded to perform in part my own proposal.

'Friend ? humph !' ejaculated the Indian, with an air of sovereign contempt.

'Yes ; *friend*, I say, Benny Brown ; and friend he shall be considered.'

The Indian obliqued his half-closed eyes upon me in silence, and there was the copperish look of a serpent in the expression, that awoke all my defiant nature. I was a white man, and his white enemy's protector, and that was enough, under any circumstances, to excite the latent violence of the demi-barbarian.

'Humph !' again from Benny ; but this time his eyes were upon the white, dead-looking face of Colonel Blackford, and as he looked, I saw his fingers play over the rifle-stock, and the fierce, brazen gleam of the eyes deepen.

'Whom the white man's God strikes, HE makes sacred : after HIM, no man shall touch.'

As I said this, adopting the language best suited to the style of my red companion, I tried to express to Oga-ka-nin, or Benny, by the strongest look that I could muster into my countenance, that I meant my rhetoric to have peculiar application on that occasion. The Indian kept his seat upon the damp earth, and was as calm as any sweet May morn you ever saw in all your lives ; and there was nothing in the world but a good blow over the head with a club, or his own sense of opportunity and propriety of circumstance, to prevent his slipping those old, brown, bony fingers of his, half-an-inch higher up the gun-stock, and letting Colonel Blackford have the full benefit of the contents of the barrel. But as yet the fingers moved not up the 'imminent deadly breach,' and all that Benny did was to reply to my aphorism :

'When the white man's God strikes a tree, and shatters the green branches, the white man's axe cuts the trunk down, and burns it.'

'Because in the forest, the tree is of no longer any use, and the white man cuts it down to make the hearth brighter, and the home happier, when the snow falls, and the cold rain will not let him into the wet woods for timber that will warm him.'

'Massa,' chimed in old Sampson, with a sort of grim chuckle running up and down and all over his face, 'if Benny do n't get off de wet grass de rheumatis will git hold of him agin, and whar 'll he be den?'

This taunt of Sampson seemed to revive all the past services of Mrs. Danbrey to Benny, when he was laid up in his cabin with the long spell of illness, and helped to rekindle in his glowing temper of vengeance the full fury of his nature; for as Sampson finished speaking, Benny jumped from the ground, his nostrils dilated and his eyes flashing, and what his purpose was, I was only left to conjecture, for he uttered no threat, but was in the act of advancing closer toward Colonel Blackford, when that gentleman, whom I had lost sight of for a few seconds, but to whom I now turned with motives of assistance, met the fierce look of the Indian with an expression so calm and unflinching, that I saw it had its effect even upon the now fully-developed savage before him.

'I thought that it was a dream, and your presence helped me in the delusion;' he addressed himself to me; 'but your advice tells me something else; but that cannot be, it is not so; you are not his son; he had none, and you are not *he*; no, no, O my God! no! I am helpless. What has happened to me? I am here, with that Indian glaring at me, and you speaking strange words to him. A moment ago, but a moment, it seems to me, I met you far from this spot; and now I am here, that moment only passed, shattered and helpless. Tell me what does it all mean?'

I always have found it the wiser course to let a man know exactly what he wants to know, under the class of circumstances like this one of which I am treating; and so, without more ado, I told Colonel Blackford how I had first seen him from the turret-window, (leaving out of course any mention of my companion,) and then directing his attention to the shattered walnut tree that was in view, I told him that the electric concussion had paralyzed him for the time, and that I was too happy to have it in my power to offer him the assistance I had, and that if he would allow me, I would renew our return to the Hut, where he should, I assured him, be properly cared for. 'My shoulder is strong; lean on it, if you please.'

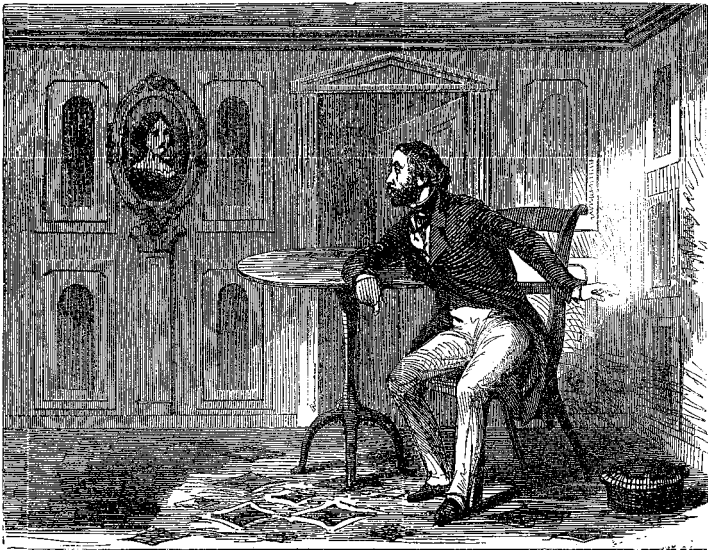
'I lean on your words more than I do upon the strength of your arms, my friend;' and as he spoke I raised him from his sitting position against the tree, and placing one of his arms over my shoulder, with Sampson supporting him on the other side, we proceeded toward the lower gate of the garden, by which egress was had from the house to the stable grounds.

I had so arranged it, that, even if Benny Brown should bring up the rear, my eye would be almost constantly upon him, thus making sure that no sudden impulse should accomplish what the mercy of DIVINE PROVIDENCE had deemed it best to leave undone.

And thus, with the anxious thoughts about the interview that was likely to take place between the man leaning on my arm and the inmate of that lone turret-room, we passed through the gate and beneath the arbor clothed with masses of vines and heavy with the rich grape harvest, until we paused to rest upon the broad lawn that lay between us and the steps by which we were to ascend the little porch, and thence into the dwelling; and as we paused, the autumn sun for a moment

broke once more through the curtain of the storm, and with one bright lance of light, waved a flood of glory all around, and made the dripping eaves, and the grass, (the rain had paused in its heavy falling,) and the trees, look as if they had been standing and growing there in a perpetual veil of diamondry and pearls. The Colonel breathed heavily, and I felt his hand grasp my own with a great nervous pressure, but I dared not look at him, for he was about entering the home he had made desolate with the very hand that now pressed mine so convulsively. I did, however, cast one look up to that window in the turret, but whether she was standing there or not I could not tell. But could she have failed to watch that approach, under circumstances so like a retribution?

We paused only for a breathing space, and then we went on, and at last we reached the rustic porch, and the Colonel lifted his feet heavily over the step; and I remarked one small act that in the doing was singularly significant under the circumstances, and that he would have been well excused from doing; but he turned away from me with a sudden effort, and stopped to scrape the mud from his boots upon the little iron rack that had entirely escaped my notice. With great care he removed the soiling evidence of his walk, and having done so, he turned and with my assistance, stood upon the platform.



COLONEL BLACKFORD.

‘I will go into the old parlor, if you please; I know it well. To the right from the front entrance, the portrait is there.’ He attempted to take his hat from his head, but Sampson anticipated him with the natural instinct of his class; indeed, Sampson’s conduct during the whole affair, was marked by that quiet courtesy for which the old family serv-

ants of the South are so distinguished ; and I led Colonel Blackford into the quiet old parlor, and I made Sampson draw the chair up to the centre-table, that if need be, the Colonel might rest his arms upon it, intending to search out old Mary and have the bed prepared for his reception in the adjoining room.

He sank heavily into the chair, and drawing a long and heavy respiration, that sounded like the sigh of an inexpressible melancholy, he with difficulty raised his hand to his head and pressed it against his temple. Sampson now left the room, and the Colonel and I were alone. The sensation was so painful to me that I at once, as if for some purpose of arrangement, stepped into the little bed-room to which I have before alluded ; but I had scarcely passed the door-way, when my attention was arrested by an exclamation of Colonel Blackford. I had left him with his hand pressed against his temple, and fronting one of the windows, through which occasionally the struggling sun threw fitful gleams, dispensing light and dispersing the cloud masses at the same time.

'For mercy's sake, come near me ! Speak ! I pray you speak ! FATHER of Heaven, was it but a shadow ?'

I turned, and there upon the floor I saw a shade cast by a human form : it rested but a second, and then it went away. I did not stop to examine by what accident of light that shadow could have got there, for my whole attention was attracted by the actions of Colonel Blackford. He sprang upon his feet, stretched out both his arms, attempted to advance, but as he did so, he pitched forward and fell with a heavy crash upon the floor.

T E M P T A T I O N .

I STOOD with sweet MAUD on the hill-side,  
Half afraid to utter my vows :  
The apples above and around us  
Hung crimson and gold on the boughs.

It was autumn, and in the meadows  
Were piled the shocks and the sheaves,  
While below us twittered the swallows,  
A-feeding their young in the eaves.

The soft wind went moaning and sighing,  
And pelting the great apples down,  
Until every spot on the hill-side  
Had rubies enough for a crown.

Then MAUD stooped and gathered a handful,  
And calling me ADAM, she gave  
The fruit of temptation unto me,  
And wondered if I could be brave.

O MAUD ! it's enough to be ADAM !  
I, taking the golden fruit, cried :  
But apples more rare and more tempting,  
On the lips of MAUD I espied.

R. A. OAKES.

## THE OLD DRAY-HORSE.

BY GEORGE W. CHAPMAN.

ALONG the dusty road,  
Along the granite pave,  
A lean old horse is dragging his load,  
A patient and humble slave:  
In hunger and pain he tramps  
From dawn till close of day,  
And still by the light of the dim street-lamps  
He drags his rumbling dray.

His heart is dreary and cold,  
His limbs are spavined and sore,  
His withers are wrung, and with stripes untold  
His back is calloused o'er:  
And still he onward crawls,  
The meek and tired old gray;  
But reproachfully turns his sightless balls  
To apostrophise his dray.

O weary, lingering mate!  
O clinging, tiresome dray!  
Wast thou ordained by relentless fate  
To waste my strength away?  
With shaft, and breeching, and pad,  
With strap, and buckle, and chain,  
To hang on my steps like a weight of lead  
I strive to escape in vain?

'For many weary years  
You've pressed upon my back,  
Till my sight has melted away in tears,  
And pains my members rack:  
No word of kindness I know  
From the pitiless brute I serve;  
His softest caress, a truculent blow,  
Bestowed with a villain's nerve.

'To rid your close embrace  
I've walked and walked away,  
But you always double your rumbling pace:  
Do you fear to lose your prey?  
Like the felon's chain and ball  
You come, with your creaking wheels.  
And grudge me the time in my cheerless stall  
I'm eating my scanty meals.

'Sometimes in dreams away,  
As listless I drag my load,  
I see a frolicsome foal at play  
Upon the velvet sward:  
The sun is shining warm,  
And a streamlet gurgles there,  
And the colt is prancing around its dam,  
Cropping the herbage near.

'I stop to taste the stream,  
Or gaze on the lovely place,  
But a painful awakening ends the dream :  
'Tis a blow to mend my pace.  
Oh ! has that gay young form  
Which sported beside its dam,  
From blows, from labor, from famine and storm,  
Become the wreck I am ?

'But I shall be free again,  
My bondage goes with my breath ;  
And your strap, and pad, and buckle, and chain,  
Will be cut by merciful Death !'  
And along the dusty road,  
Along the granite pave,  
The mute old horse goes dragging his load,  
A patient and humble slave.

*Milwaukee, Dec. 12, 1856.*

## MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES.

### PAPER FIFTEENTH.

#### PART FIRST.

WE are attracted by the music, at the mounting of the general guard. It seems almost a desecration to raise such a hubbub on this romantic ground every morning when the ceremony is performed ; but then drums and fifes and bugles cannot be expected to be silent in veneration, when all else is bustle and stir. Verily, the advent of us Yankees was a sad affair for the peace and quiet of Auaahuac.

We stand in the Grand Plaza. Upon good authority, it is pronounced to be unsurpassed for magnificence by any such square in the world. Turn on the heel, and let the eye sweep around the entire space ! What a *coup d'œil* ! The National Palace on the eastern side, although a plain structure, has an imposing frontage of five hundred feet ; the famous Cathedral, and the parochial church of *El Sagrario* bound the northern ; and the ornate palace *del Marquisado del Valle*, bestowed upon Cortes, when, Columbus-like, he was smarting from the fangs of jealousy and slander ; and other splendid old architectural piles fill up the western and southern sides.

The din of martial music having ceased, and the troops and crowd of native idlers gone, we will improve our leisure time by looking into some of the edifices. Passing by the monument sacred to Santa Anna's leg, (which monument, by-the-by, like many of our western cities, exists mostly in imagination,) and crossing a two-fold avenue of orange trees, we stand in front of the main-entrance to the Cathedral. No grand flight of stairs adds to the appearance of the façade, nor furnishes roosting-places for pious rogues, who are in the habit of killing two birds with one stone : looking out for the benefit of the soul and pocket at the same time. Rather a tame-looking front elevation, after



all. A true disciple of Vitruvius might justly find complaint with it ; for although strikingly grand at a little distance, a near view shows it to be a *melange* of license and architectural caprice, a superfluity of ornament that renders a very near sight of it any thing but pleasing. Perhaps the anomalies there presented arose from a democratic idea that all the orders should be represented ; and what makes the fault more glaring is its contrast to the chaste style of the adjoining church. However, as we are not hypercritical, we will look inside, and let the façade alone. Here we stand in the centre of a vast and beautiful cross. We scarcely know what to fasten the eyes upon in the multiplicity of carvings and gilt decorations, and the almost endless variety of objects consecrated to this system of worship. The Roman Catholic religion is truly the protector and patron of the sister arts of Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture ; but connoisseurs complain that many *chef d'œuvres* of old masters have been hidden in corners, because not showy enough — the way of the world. The representations of the elegance of form, the expressive symbolism of ideal beauty, and conceptions of the divine, have charms heightened to the eye of the avaricious, by the profusion of precious metals with which they are surrounded. We are not particularly struck with the display of the Cathedral's interior, for it is only showing on a larger scale what exists in many other gorgeous temples in Mexico. The custodian, in which is deposited the consecrated host for extra occasions, is of solid gold, studded with precious stones. The golden figure of an angel adorns each corner of the supporting pedestal ; and the exhibition of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, give an idea that religion must be an expensive article ; but considering the immensity of the church-property, all that does not show prodigality, and even if it did manifest an extravagant spirit, it is well known that there is a sufficiency in reserve for the maintenance of the professors, who abound. We see, now and then, one of our soldiers strolling through the sacred precincts, looking very much as if he wished that the floor had less polish, and more seats. Ah ! how many sighs our poor fellows give as they eye the gemmed ornaments of the church : but their sighs are not those of penitence, such as emanate from the exquisite and loafer, who kneel side-by-side, and thump their breasts until they must be black ; no, it is rather owing to the vain regret of the irreligious, that the church properties had not been included in the list of lawful plunder that fell to the sackers of cities. There is a peculiar plaintiveness in the tone of the stout military gentleman, who ejaculates, as his gaze fastens upon ecclesiastics in an advanced stage of plumpitude : ' Yes ! yes ! those chaps must live like fighting-cocks.'

We think of the different scenes that have been enacted on this spot in the name of religion. Here, in this Cathedral, we stand on the site of the Grand Yeocalli, the great pyramidal edifice founded by Ahuitzotli ; and here stood the tower of grinning skulls. From the chaos of absurdities, superstitions, fables, impostures, and horrid rites of the sacrificial priesthood, the Spaniards released the people ; but they introduced a system no less magnificent in its proportions, nor less captivating to the mind, in its dazzling yet harmonious intricacies. Mexico

was made the holy city of America, and its shrines are accounted the most sacred in the Western hemisphere. Nowhere do the ecclesiastics seek more to strike the senses by display than here. Look at that procession that so majestically moves through the Cathedral. Swinging censers fling their heavy odor on the air, and clouds arise from the incense. The apparel of silk and brocade, glittering with gold embroidery, enchant the weak-minded female worshippers, who would almost be willing to forego the pleasures of paradise for a wardrobe as splendid as the vestments worn by the ministers of religion. These many priests could not be spared. They are the caryatides of the Church: remove them, or even strip off their vestments, and the fabric is that soon despoiled of much of its attraction, and its influence on the minds of its votaries becomes weak. Nor could they spare the solemn music, that seems to give utterance to the deepest emotions of the human soul. What different sounds from those that rent the air when the victim was held down upon the stone of sacrifice by six pagan priests, while the appalling operation of cutting out his beating heart was performed in the full sight of the people! There is an exhibition of shrewdness in preserving the sacrificial stone, and other ghastly testimonials of barbarism; because thereby the descendants of those cannibals are reminded how much matters have been improved by the new religion.

My old friend, the monk Augustin, observing the interest I took in relics of antiquity, has been so kind as to lend me a book from his library, that treats at some length of the ancient rites and ceremonies. We will leave the Cathedral, and seat ourselves in a cool shade on the opposite side of the Plaza, and amuse ourselves by casting reflections. The book is entitled '*Le Mexique*,' and is by Bettromi. It has been but little read, because nobody cared a *tlaco* whether one building or another happened to stand in just such a locality, so long as the title is indefeasible. Four great gates opened into streets laid out by the cardinal points; the street of Yescuco to the east, of Yacuba to the west, Yezlapalapa to the south, and that of Yepayaca to the north. Over each door was erected a square, which served as a little arsenal, having a plentiful supply of the arms of the country in case of emergency. The interior of the place was paved with marble, so highly polished that the heavily-equipped Spaniards slipped at each step they trode upon it. The temple was of five stories, terminating in a truncated pyramid having a wide plain at the top; and that was the altar upon which they represented their great solemnities, and offered the terrible sacrifices of young men and maidens, of warriors taken in battle. The great stone of sacrifice was of a convex surface, so that the victim's stomach might be elevated for the knife that opened a passage for the hand of the priest, who, tearing away the heart, offered it to the god of the day, and burned it in the sacred fire. If the person thus victimized was a prisoner taken in battle, his body was pitched from the top of the temple to his fortunate captor; and to the house of that individual it was immediately taken, and his friends and acquaintances invited to partake of a dainty banquet of human flesh. If the victim was a slave, his master did the same for him, though in a more quiet way.

That was certainly one mode of mixing the blood of the races. They had refined epicurean tastes, eating only the more delicate parts, and rejecting the remainder for the use of the ferocious beasts in the menagerie, and the birds of prey. They were too dainty, as a general thing, to feed upon the Spaniards, who were so lean and tough with hard work and poor fare. According to the historian, Clavigero, seventy-two thousand three hundred and forty-four prisoners were ranged in files a mile-and-a-half long, and were immolated at the dedication of the great temple. Doubters have questioned the truth of this statement, wondering where so many unfortunates came from, and what their names were. Be that account true or not, there is no doubt that they served up all they caught.

While in the great square, we must not forget to glance at the Yottec Calendar, which is built into the south wall of the Cathedral. The Calendar is a mass of basaltic porphyry, twenty-four tons in weight, and covered with the most symmetrical and admirably-worked hieroglyphics. But enough; every body has read or heard a description of it. We have turned toward the north in search of the Inquisition, which is difficult for a stranger to locate, for the reason that it stands conspicuously at a corner of a street, just where one would not expect to find such a renowned edifice. Its proximity to the churches is very suggestive. It probably turned out to be but a poor imitation of its great European original; and now there is nothing remarkable about its exterior, while its original occupation is gone.

We will now enter the National Palace, a great isolated square, said to be a mile round. I always had enough to do without measuring its circumference, and therefore give reliable hearsay. That spot has been the residence of many distinguished personages, from Montezuma, the Viceroy, the Presidents, down to an American General. It also has been used partly for a garden for beasts the most ferocious, and a receptacle for reptiles the most venomous; but latterly, in our days, it has been appropriated to the tribunals of justice, the Legislature, heads of administrative departments, and for the purpose of a botanical garden; and still more latterly, as we examine for ourselves, we will find a regiment of South-Carolina volunteers, and some other troops, literally 'revelling in the Halls of the Montezumas.' We enter the chamber of the Legislature, and find it in session. The presiding Senator is fantastically arrayed in rich crimson robes, beneath which peep out the light-blue trowsers of a soldier. He has some difficulty in keeping order among his republican compatriots; and he has to rise sometimes and collar an excited member, who so far forgets his dignity as to play at leap-frog with a grave individual, who is making an harangue upon the condition of the treasury, and the policy of making a forced loan from the people. A noisy person now rises, and briefly suggests that certain images might be removed from the churches; and he is so bold and impolitic as to confess that that was his principal errand in coming to this city. His boldness does not consist in using such an expression at this time and place; for the sly laugh that greets him, shows that many others are of the same mind, though less candid; but his boldness — we might say temerity — consists in making such a de-

claration after the American Commander-in-Chief has decreed the commission of such an act, by any one, to be felony without benefit of clergy. The President of the Assembly immediately orders the speech-maker into custody, for breach of privilege; and he is accordingly seized and carried off. Several members rise at once, and attempt to speak. The hammer raps, but order is not restored for nearly a minute. President looks at his watch, and endeavors to hasten the proceedings, for the session must terminate at a certain minute, and that time draws near. The order of business is suspended, and a motion made that the American troops stationed in the vicinity, be invited to partake of a collation with the members of the Legislature. The suggestion takes well. All rise in their seats and on their seats, and answer to the names of men who figure in all the political parties of the day: the Polkos, and Puros, the haters of, and adherents to, Santa Anna; and if we may credit our ears, many of the most prominent officers of the Mexican Government are before us, conspicuous for fidelity in misfortune. As they have risen from the desks, we perceive their official costumes to be motley to a ludicrous degree. The knaves! They have cheaply arrayed their persons by despoiling the chamber of its costly hangings, most of which have been torn, or cut down, and thus appropriated. Were it not for the gravity that all but the mere lookers-on so studiously preserve, the proceedings would at once be set down as a farce.

Hark! the roll of several drums in the open quadrangle of the Palace. The effect is instantaneous. Down comes the hammer of the presiding officer, and off he flings his fantastic robes, and we see that his sleeves bear the *chevrons* of a sergeant. The members all scamper down the broad staircase. We look over into the parade-ground, and behold a regiment forming by company, while the first sergeant of each with mechanical speed calls the roll. The wild rogues! Among them we recognize the late sage representatives; they who played the part of Mexican legislators. The dinner-call is beating the merry but oftentimes ironical tune of 'Roast Beef;' and off they march to consume their rations.

Our quondam friend, Mr. P. O'G —, now a clerk in the quartermaster department, makes his appearance, bowing, and courteously tenders his services in showing us through the various rooms, halls, apartments, and courts. We return his salute, wonder how he got that black eye, and beg leave to decline his polite offer to escort us through a labyrinth of wagons, and all manner of Yankee baggage, that now encumber the ancient seat of royalty. We think of an invitation to dine with a party of citizens in the Calle Véejo, and again go into the Plaza. Romance, associations, all may go the dogs: we hunger.

#### PART SECOND.

THREE hours make a great change in our feelings. Now we incline to quietude, and were it not that our quarters are at some distance across town, and an appearance at evening parade is necessary, we would much prefer to remain in-doors and do nothing but chat. As it

is, we will improve the walk, and on our way drop in at a *pulqueria*. We hear lively music from stringed instruments, and the pattering of feet on the smooth earthen floor; then come long-winded strains of vocal melodies delivered in a nasal twang, generally drawn out in a loud refrain. They sing to the praise of the maguey plant, that supplies the liquor they drink — the *pulque*.

It is well to be grateful for the beneficent provision that nature has made, in sowing that shrub in soil so sandy that nothing else will grow there, and where are no wells to refresh the parched tongue. The *Agave Americana* — sometimes called the century plant, from the erroneous belief that it blossoms but once in a hundred years — is a wonderful provider for the wants of man. It is justly a favorite. One species of it may be seen rising like a fluted column forty or fifty feet, crowned by many greenish-white blossoms, seeming to the wayfarer like a guide 'with floral banners bright' to indicate the way to a plantation of magueys. The term plantation is an apt expression; because the indigenous plant is improved by culture, and large fields of it may be seen laid out in rows. I have even seen the name of the owner branded upon the broad leaves, perhaps as an additional precaution against theft, though an apple tree might be far more easily removed. What native would willingly give up the tree that so bountifully administers to his wants! The superb magnolia grandiflora, with its altitude of ninety feet and diameter of three, its leaves of eight or nine feet in length, and profusion of beautiful white blossoms, excites emotions more sublime but less grateful than does the branched spike of the cactus or maguey, with its hospitable breast of cooling milk. When the plant is in an efflorescent state, usually when it is from seven to ten years of age, the centre stem is cut off and a bowl formed in the heart. Into that the teeming sap runs from the succulent leaves, sometimes gallons in a day; and it is drawn therefrom by a simple kind of syphon-pump, and deposited in capacious vats of undressed cowhide. The flavor it thus acquires during a slight fermentation is added to, by its being poured into bottles formed of the whole skin of the smaller domestic animals.

Let a De Quincey dream of his preparations of opium; of happiness that can be bought for a penny and carried in the waist-coat pocket; of portable ecstasies that can be corked up in a pint-bottle; and of peace of mind that can be sent down in gallons by the mail-coach: the Mexican laughs in his sleeve at all such, and thanks his stars that he enjoys a condensation of all their pleasing, without any of their deleterious qualities, for he has his *pulque*. Speak not to him of the toddy of the palm, the juice of the sugar-cane, or that of apples or pears — he finds a panacea for all his woes in another juice — his own *pulque*. The fastidious foreigner gazes upon the bloated pig-skin with disgust; and, as he quenches a raging thirst for the first time with this beverage, he holds his nostrils between finger and thumb. Soon he wonders what is it that is so peculiar in the drink, for his feet become light as air and scarcely feel the ground beneath. He again imbibes, and his blood becomes an ethereal fluid, and the sun shines in upon every thought that

flits through his brain ; and unless he decants half a gallon of it, he will not hear a coffee-mill whirring in his head, nor feel a corresponding depression of spirits when sober again. No one more delights to riot in the national beverage than the *lepero*. He deposits nearly all his income in the bank that pays no dividends except broken bones or swelled heads — that resort of the idle and the vicious — the low *pulqueria*.

We enter one of the most respectable houses of its class, and enter an interior room, from which we can observe all that passes without being subject to intrusion. Between the stanzas of the song all but the musicians join in a not ungraceful dance ; and as frequently as it can be done without interrupting the performances, they reverse their cups. We will be content with a single song, a very free translation of which follows. The violins squeak, the guitars thrum out a few lazy notes, and the chief vocalist washes down the huskiness of his pipes by copious streams of the *pulque*. Hark ! listen to him sing the praises of

THE PLANT OF PROVIDENCE—THE MAGUEY.

Oh ! joy of our eyes ! 't is the maguey-tree towering,  
A herald of cheer that will lighten our hearts :  
How we dream, as we gaze at her coronal flowering,  
Of the sun-shine of thought that her nectar imparts.

CHORUS. — Oh ! the juice of that tree,  
Still our draught shall it be :  
It enslaves not the brain,  
Nor brings sorrow nor pain :  
Oh ! drink deep ! drain the flagon ! and feel ye are free !

Drink of gods ! mead ambrosial, we'll on it get cheerful,  
Only fools, to kill care, quaff the blood of the vine,  
While we wits swig a mead that can make no eye tearful,  
But lends strength and exhilarates more than red wine.

CHORUS. — For wine's fumes make men mad,  
Else wild, gloomy, or sad,  
If they take but a gill,  
While we Dons our skins fill.  
Let us dance ! let us sing ! for our bosoms are glad.

We cannot forget, when hot throats we are laving,  
The numberless blessings that spring from our queen ;  
Her roof-thatching leaves, from sun and rain saving,  
Her fibres for raiment, her thorns needles keen.

CHORUS. — She's a boon from the skies !  
She's a wife that supplies  
Without fretting or broil :  
More than corn, wine, and oil,  
Freely drops from the queen-tree, our land's greatest prize.

Then to pleasure give reins as our goblets are sparkling,  
And unclouded our wits, like the stars, do grow bright :  
No care for the morrow is on our brows darkling,  
But we cull from to-day, ere it flies, true delight.

CHORUS. — Oh ! the juice of that tree !  
Still our draught shall it be :  
It enslaves not the brain,  
Nor brings sorrow nor pain.  
Oh ! drink deep ! drain the flagon ! and feel ye are free !

They appear really to be enjoying themselves over their potations ; and yet we see not the least appearance of intoxication or of a quarrel-



some spirit. Then they pull away at their cigaritos, as if inhaling a supply of steam for another musical effort. How they do smoke, too ! The first white men, three centuries ago, found them using the rolls of tobacco in that way, and they have not yet tired of the habit ; but 'from youth to hoary age' they remain in a state of slavery to the weed. As we are about crossing the threshold, we meet a gentleman from 'Lunnun.' He tells us that he has been in Mexico for ten years, but he has not yet so far conquered his prejudices as to learn the language nor how to drink *pulque*.

'Orrid rancid smell, the blowsted thing 'as now ; 'as n't it ? Give me one good noggin of 'alf-and-'alf to a 'ogshead of pulky.'

Dear me ! his opinion, thus bluntly given, sets us a-thinking about the variety of tastes that exists. Suppose we go. W. H. BROWNE.

S T A Z A S .

OH ! BURY ME DOWN IN THE VALLEY !

Oh ! bury me not in the church-yard,  
In that city of slumbering clay :  
Where the shadow of sorrow is heavy,  
And the tomb-stones are crumbling and gray :

Where the fences are ragged and broken,  
And Nature is clothed in decay :  
Where the leaves ever rustling, are dropping  
On hopes that are blighted as they.

The wind whispers dolefully, dolefully !  
And shrieks o'er each down-trodden bed ;  
And the cricket is mournfully chanting  
The song of the mouldering dead.

Oh ! bury me down in the valley,  
By the side of some musical rill,  
That chants to the note of the robin,  
And sighs when the songster is still :

Where perfumes rare and supernal  
Clog the flight of the zephyr-wing'd hours :  
Where the air is filled with soft murmurs,  
The breathing of half-wakened flowers :

Where the violet shrinks from the gaze  
Of early morn's rosy-hued sky ;  
And the dew in its azure cup brims,  
Like the tear in a fair maiden's eye.

Troy, (New-York.)

E. S. Q.

## CHILDHOOD: A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

*'Cottage-Home, G——n, Pa., June 11, 1857.*

L. G. CLARK, Esq.:

'DEAR SIR: Although personally unknown to you, yet I feel as if I were writing to an old friend; for there is so much of genuine *companionableness* in the Editor's Table of '*our Magazine*,' (as my husband and I are wont to call the KNICKERBOCKER,) that I am disposed at once to come to the reason of sending you this epistolary infliction. I want you to do me the favor to insert the accompanying article in '*our Magazine*.' It emanated from your pen long ago, and the within copy has been cherished carefully by its owner. I have read it aloud time and again to those who could appreciate it, and never yet without wishing I might once more see it in print.

'A few evenings ago my husband read it to me. We are parents of two little ones, who are neither of them yet two years old, and, young as they are, I feel that they will be the better for your kindly advice to parents; even to those whose eldest child has not yet caught up to your little 'Five-Year Old.' Blessings be upon the 'Little People,' these sun-beams of our homes!

'Trusting you will pardon me for this intrusion upon your time and attention, and also that you will gratify me by assenting to my proffered request, I remain, dear Sir, your friend and well-wisher,

M. W. D. S.

'Should you wish to publish any part of the above, you will please omit my name. I have given it to you because I thought it too uncourteous to send such a letter anonymously.'

LET us begin at the beginning. 'The child is father of the man;' and by permitting us to commence with the following letter to a brother-editor, written in the first person singular—a thing in itself very 'singular' in the present book—the reader will have at once before him the longest paper he will be called upon to encounter 'from title-page to colophon.'

MY DEAR FRIEND: I love children. I used to think when I was a bachelor, (it is a good many years ago now,) that there was something *rather* presuming in the manner in which doating fathers and mothers would bring their 'wee things' around them, and, for the especial edification of us single fellows, cause them to 'mis-speak half-uttered words,' and to go through with divers little lessons in manners and elocution. But both parents and children were made so apparently happy by it, that I never could think, as certain of my irreverent companions were wont to think, and to say, that it was 'a bore.' No, I never thought, or said that; but I *did* think, I remember, as I have said, that there was a little bad taste, and not a little presumption, in such a course.

I don't think so now.

When a father—and how much *more* a mother—sees for the first time the gleam of affection illumining, with what the Germans call an 'interior light,' the eyes and features of his infant child; when that innocent soul, fresh from heaven, looks for the first time into yours, and you feel that yours is an *answering* look to that new-born intelligence; then, I say, will you experience a sensation which is not 'of the earth earthy,' but belongs to the 'correspondences' of a higher and holier sphere.

I wish to gossip a little with you concerning children. You are a full-grown man now, my friend, yet you were once a boy; and I am quite certain that you will feel interested in a few incidents which I am going to relate, in illustration of my theme; incidents which I hope you will judge to be not unfruitful of monitory lessons to 'children of larger growth' than mere girls and boys.

Do n't you think that we parents, sometimes, in moments of annoyance, through pressure of business or other circumstances, forbid that which was but innocent and reasonable, and perfectly natural to be asked for? And do not the best of parents frequently multiply prohibitions until obedience to them becomes impossible?

Excuse me; but all your readers have been children; many of them are happy mothers; many more that are not, *will* be in God's good time; and I cannot but believe that many who shall peruse these sentences will find something in them which they will remember hereafter.

'The sorrows and tears of youth,' says WASHINGTON IRVING, 'are as bitter as those of age;' and he is right. They are sooner washed away, it is true; but oh! how keen is the *present* sensibility — how acute the *passing* mental agony!

My twin-brother WILLIS — may his ashes repose in peace in his early, his untimely grave! — and myself, when we were very little boys in the country, saw, one bright June day, far up in the blue sky, a paper-kite, swaying to-and-fro, rising and sinking, diving and curveting, and flashing back the sun-light in a manner that was wonderful to behold. We left our little tin vessels in the meadow where we were picking strawberries, and ran into a neighboring field to get beneath it; and, keeping our eyes continually upon it, 'gazing steadfastly toward heaven,' we presently found ourselves by the side of the architect of that magnificent creation, and saw the line which held it reaching into the skies, and little white paper messengers gliding upward upon it, as if to hold communion with the graceful 'bird of the air' at the upper end.

I am describing this to you as a boy, and I wish you to think of it as a boy.

Well, many days afterward, and after various unsuccessful attempts, which not a little discomfited us — for we thought we had obtained the 'principle' of the kite — we succeeded in making one which we thought would fly. The air was too still, however, for several days; and never did a becalmed navigator wait more impatiently for a breeze to speed his vessel on her voyage than did we for a wind that should send our paper messenger, bedizened with stars of red and yellow paper, dancing up the sky.

At last it pleased the 'gentle and voluble spirit of the air' to favor us. A mild south wind sprang up, and so deftly did we manage our 'invention,' that it was presently reduced to a mere miniature-kite in the blue ether above us. *Such a triumph!* FULTON, when he essayed his first experiment, felt no more exultant than did we when that great event was achieved! We kept it up until 'twixt the gloaming and the mirk,' when we drew it down and deposited it in the barn; hesitat-

ing long where to place it, out of several localities that seemed safe and eligible, but finally deciding to stand it end-wise in a barrel, in an unfrequented corner of the barn.

I am coming now to a specimen of the 'sorrows and tears of youth,' of which GEOFFREY CRAYON speaks. We dreamed of that kite in the night ; and, far up in the heaven of our sleeping vision, we saw it flashing in the sun and gleaming opaquely in the twilight air. In the morning, we repaired betimes to the barn ; approached the barrel with eagerness, as if it were possible for the kite to have taken the wings of the evening and flown away ; and, on looking down into the receptacle, saw our cherished, our beloved kite broken into twenty pieces !

It was our man THOMAS who did it, climbing upon the hay-mow.

It was many years afterward before we forgot the cruel neighbor who laughed at us for our deep six months' sorrow at that great loss ; a loss in comparison with which the loss of a fortune at the period of manhood sinks into insignificance. *Other* kites, indeed, we constructed ; but *that* was the kite 'you read of' at this present.

Think, therefore, O ye parents ! *always* think of the acuteness of a child's sense of childish grief.

I once saw an elder brother, the son of a metropolitan neighbor, a romping, roystering blade, in the merest 'devilment,' cut off the foot of a little doll with which his infantine sister was amusing herself. A mutilation of living flesh and blood, of bone and sinew, in a beloved playmate, could scarcely have affected the poor child more painfully. It was to her the vital current of a beautiful babe which oozed from the bran-leg of that stuffed effigy of an infant ; and the mental sufferings of the child were based upon the innocent faith which it held, that all things were really what they seemed.

Grown people should have more faith in, and more appreciation of, the statements and feelings of children. When I read, some months since, in a telegraphic dispatch to one of our morning journals, from Baltimore, if I remember rightly, of a mother who, in punishing a little boy for telling a lie, (which, after all, it subsequently transpired that he did *not* tell,) hit him with a slight switch over his temple and killed him instantly — a mere accident, of course, but yet a dreadful casualty, which drove reason from the throne of the unhappy mother — when I read this, I thought of what had occurred in my own sanctum only a week or two before ; and the lesson which I received was a good one, and will remain with me forever.

My little boy, a dark-eyed, ingenuous, and frank-hearted child as ever breathed — though perhaps 'I say it who ought not to say it' — still, I *do* say it — had been playing about my table, on leaving which for a moment, I found, on my return, that my long porcupine-quill-handled pen was gone. I asked the little fellow what he had done with it. He answered at once that he had not seen it. After a renewed search for it, I charged him in the face of his declaration, with having taken and mislaid or lost it. He looked me earnestly in the face, and said :

'No, I *did n't* take it, father.'

I then took him upon my lap ; enlarged upon the heinousness of tell-

ing an untruth; told him that I did not care so much about the pen; and, in short, by the manner in which I reasoned with him, almost offered him a reward for the confession — the reward, be it understood (a dear one to him) of standing firm in his father's love and regard. The tears had welled up into his eyes, and he seemed about to 'tell me the whole truth,' when my eye caught the end of the pen protruding from a port-folio, where I myself had placed it, in returning a sheet of manuscript to one of the compartments. All this may seem a mere trifle to you — and perhaps it is: yet I shall remember it for a long time.

But I desire now to narrate to you a circumstance which happened in the family of a friend and correspondent of mine in the city of Boston, some ten years ago, the history of which will commend itself to the heart of every father and mother who has any sympathy with, or affection for, their children. That it is entirely true, you may be well assured. I was convinced of this when I opened the letter from L. H. B —, which announced it, and in the detail of the event which was subsequently furnished me.

A few weeks before he wrote, he had buried his eldest son, a *fine*, manly little fellow, of some eight years of age, who had never, he said, known a day's illness until that which finally removed him hence to be here no more. His death occurred under circumstances which were peculiarly painful to his parents. A younger brother, a delicate, sickly child from its birth, the next in age to him, had been down for nearly a fortnight with an epidemic fever. In consequence of the nature of the disease, every precaution had been adopted that prudence suggested to guard the other members of the family against it. But of this one, the father's eldest, he said he had little to fear, so rugged was he, and so generally healthy. Still, however, he kept a vigilant eye upon him, and especially forbade his going into the pools and docks near his school, which it was his custom sometimes to visit; for he was *but* a boy, and 'boys *will* be boys,' and we ought more frequently to think that it is their *nature* to be. Of all unnatural things, a reproach almost to childish frankness and innocence, save me from a '*boy-man*!' But to the story.

One evening this unhappy father came home, wearied with a long day's hard labor, and vexed at some little disappointments which had soured his naturally kind disposition, and rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the smallest annoyance. While he was sitting by the fire, in this unhappy mood of mind, his wife entered the apartment, and said:

'HENRY has just come in, and he is a perfect fright! He is covered from head to foot with dock-mud, and is as wet as a drowned rat!'

'Where *is* he?' asked the father sternly.

'He is shivering over the kitchen-fire. He was afraid to come up here, when the girl told him you had come home.'

'Tell JANE to tell him to come here this instant!' was the brief reply to this information.

Presently the poor boy entered, half-perished with affright and cold. His father glanced at his sad plight, reproached him bitterly with his disobedience, spoke of the punishment which awaited him in the morn-

ing, as the penalty for his offence; and, in a harsh voice, concluded with:

‘Now, Sir, go to your bed!’

‘But, father,’ said the little fellow, ‘I want to tell you——’

‘Not a word, Sir: *go to bed!*’

‘I only wanted to say, father, that——’

With a peremptory stamp, an imperative wave of his hand toward the door, and a frown upon his brow, did that father, without other speech, again close the door of explanation or expostulation.

When his boy had gone supperless and sad to his bed, the father sat restless and uneasy while supper was being prepared; and, at tea-table, ate but little. His wife saw the real cause, or the additional cause of his emotion, and interposed the remark:

‘I think, my dear, you ought at least to have heard what HENRY had to say. My heart ached for him when he turned away, with his eyes full of tears. HENRY is a good boy, after all, if he *does* sometimes do wrong. He is a tender-hearted, affectionate boy. He always was.’

And therewithal the water stood in the eyes of that forgiving mother, even as it stood in the eyes of MERCY, in ‘the house of the Interpreter,’ as recorded by BUNYAN.

After tea, the evening paper was taken up; but there was no news and nothing of interest for that father in the journal of that evening. He sat for some time in an evidently painful reverie, and then rose and repaired to his bed-chamber. As he passed the bed-room where his little boy slept, he thought he would look in upon him before retiring to rest. He crept to his low cot and bent over him. A big tear had stolen down the boy’s cheek, and rested upon it; but he was sleeping calmly and sweetly. The father deeply regretted his harshness as he gazed upon his son; he felt also the ‘sense of duty;’ yet in the night, talking the matter over with the lad’s mother, he resolved and promised, instead of punishing, as he had threatened, to make amends to the boy’s aggrieved spirit in the morning for the manner in which he had repelled all explanation of his offence.

But that morning never came to the poor child in health. He awoke the next morning with a raging fever on his brain, and wild with delirium. In forty-eight hours he was in his shroud. He knew neither his father nor his mother, when they were first called to his bed-side, nor at any moment afterward. Waiting, watching for one token of recognition, hour after hour, in speechless agony, did that unhappy father bend over the couch of his dying son. Once, indeed, he thought he saw a smile of recognition light up his dying eye, and he leaned eagerly forward, for he would have given worlds to have whispered one kind word in his ear, and have been answered; but that gleam of apparent intelligence passed quickly away, and was succeeded by the cold, unmeaning glare, and the wild tossing of the fevered limbs, which lasted until death came to his relief.

Two days afterward, the undertaker came with the little coffin, and his son, a play-mate of the deceased boy, bringing the low stools on which it was to stand in the entry-hall.



'I was with HENRY,' said the lad, 'when he got into the water. We were playing down at the Long Wharf, HENRY, and FRANK MUMFORD, and I; and the tide was out very low; and there was a beam run out from the wharf; and CHARLES got out on it to get a fish-line and hook that hung over where the water was deep; and the first thing we saw he had slipped off, and was struggling in the water! HENRY threw off his cap and jumped clear from the wharf into the water, and, after a great deal of hard work, got CHARLES out; and they waded up through the mud to where the wharf was not so wet and slippery; and then I helped them to climb up the side. CHARLES told HENRY not to say any thing about it, for, if he did, his father would never let him go near the water again. HENRY was very sorry; and, all the way going home, he kept saying:

'What will father say when he sees me to-night? I wish we had not gone to the wharf!'

'Dear, brave boy!' exclaimed the bereaved father; 'and *this* was the explanation which I so cruelly refused to hear!' And hot and bitter tears rolled down his cheeks.

Yes! that stern father now learned, and for the first time, that what he had treated with unwonted severity, as a fault, was but the impulse of a generous nature, which, forgetful of self, had hazarded life for another. It was but the quick prompting of that manly spirit which he himself had always endeavored to graft upon his susceptible mind, and which, young as he was, had already manifested itself on more than one occasion.

Let me close this story in the very words of that father, and let the lesson sink deep into the hearts of every parent who shall peruse this sketch:

'Every thing that I now see, that ever belonged to him, reminds me of my lost boy. Yesterday I found some rude pencil-sketches, which it was his delight to make for the amusement of his younger brother. To-day, in rummaging an old closet, I came across his boots, still covered with dock-mud, as when he last wore them. (You may think it strange, but that which is usually so unsightly an object, is now 'most precious to me.') And every morning and evening, I pass the ground where my son's voice rang the merriest among his play-mates.

'All these things speak to me vividly of his active life; but I cannot — though I have often tried — *I cannot* recall any other expression of the dear boy's face than that mute, mournful one with which he turned from me on the night I so harshly repulsed him. . . . Then my heart bleeds afresh!

'Oh! how careful should we all be, that in our daily conduct toward those little beings sent us by a kind PROVIDENCE, we are not laying up for ourselves the sources of many a future bitter tear! How cautious that, neither by inconsiderate nor cruel word or look, we unjustly grieve their generous feeling! And how guardedly ought we to weigh every action against its motive, lest, in a moment of excitement, we be led to mete out to the venial errors of the heart the punishment due only to wilful crime!

'Alas! perhaps few parents suspect how often the fierce rebuke, the sudden blow, is answered in their children by the tears, not of passion, not of physical or mental pain, but of a loving yet grieved or outraged nature!'

I will add no word to reflections so true — no correlative incident to an experience so touching.

L. GAYLORD CLARK.

'S I C T R A N S I T G L O R I A M U N D I.'

BY MARY WINIFRED STANLEY GIBSON.

THIS world is but a dinner-pot, where we  
For our worst sins, are boiled continually:  
Its trident legs, Fame, Riches, Happiness,  
Rest always on the ground. Our cries and groans  
Are but the crackling of the fire beneath:  
Our sighs and tears, the rich and heavy steam  
That rises, incense offered to the cook.  
Beside the fire she stands, a portly dame,  
Hard is her eye, and BUSINESS is her name!  
Gaunt Care and Sorrow stir with iron spoons,  
And Shame and Evil steal the fragrant broth;  
While, dancing wildly round the charmed spot,  
A world of shapes grow merry o'er our pain,  
Lift up the lid with clawing, eager hands,  
And peering in the depths with hungry eyes,  
Lick their thin lips, distend their nostrils wide,  
And scarce know how to wait th' appointed hour.

The day wears on: the meal is almost done:  
The cook's swart face puts on a deeper glow,  
While here and there her emissaries come,  
Bearing the castors that will season all.  
Love brings the pepper, salt, and mustard too:  
The butter comes with smooth Hypocrisy,  
And Jealousy pours drops of acid in,  
While Care and Sorrow stir the mixture well.  
Meanwhile comes Sickness, tottering 'neath the weight  
Of the dark dishes made to hold us all.  
The major-domo, DEATH! no loiterer he,  
When morsels choice await his hungry maw:  
Squirm as we may, he takes us deftly out,  
And lays each nicely in his separate dish,  
His heart transfixed with the unfailing dart,  
(Like birds still clinging to what brought them down.)  
Countless deep tables willing serfs prepare,  
The sad-faced sexton rings the dinner-bell:  
DEATH, with his helpers, sits him gladly down,  
And all grow genial o'er the general feast.

*Lampster, (N. H.), 1857.*

## A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

*Halifax again — Hotel Waverley — 'Gone the Old Familiar Faces' — The Story of Marie de la Tour — Bedford Basin, and the Prince's Lodge — Mournful Reflections — Anticipations of the Gasperau and the shores of the Basin of Minas.*

AGAIN in old quarters! It is strange how we become attached to a place, be it what it may, if we only have known it before. The same old room we occupied years ago, however comfortless then, has a familiar air of welcome now. There is surely some little trace of self left on the walls, some unseen spider-thread of attachment clinging to the old chair, and the forlorn wash-stand, and the knobby four-poster, that holds the hardest of beds, and the most consumptive of pillows, and a bolster as round, and white, and hard, as a cathedral mass-candle. Heigho, Hotel Waverley! Here am I again; but where are the familiar faces? Where the brave soldier of Inkermann and Balaklava? Where the jolly old Captain of the native rifles? Where the Colonel, with his little meerschaum pipe he was so intent upon coloring? Where the party of salmon-fishermen, the Solomons of piscatology? Where the passengers by the 'Canada'? And where is Picton? Gone, like last year's birds!

'A glass of ale, Henry, and one segar; only *one*; I wish to be solitary.'

I like this bed-room of mine at the Waverley, with its blue-and-white striped curtain at the window, through which the gas-lights of Halifax streets shine in lucid spots, as I wait for Henry, with the candles. Here I mean to rest for one night, and write out a story of Acadia; a part of its romantic history, gleaned from the earlier chapters of Haliburton. Now I am no longer alone. I shut my chamber door, as it were, upon one world, only that I may enjoy another. So I trim the candles, and spread out the writing materials, and at once the characters of two centuries since awake, and their life to me is as the life of to-day.

There is nothing more captivating in literature than the narrative of some heroic deed of woman. Very few such are recorded; how many might be, if the actors themselves had not shunned notoriety, and 'un-commended died,' rather than encounter the ordeal of public praise? Of such has the poet written:

'FULL many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

Of such, many have lived and died, to live again only in fiction; whereas their own true histories would have been greater than the inventions of authors. We read of heroes laden with the 'glittering spoils of empire,' but the heroic deeds of woman are oftentimes, all in all, as great, without the glitter; without the pomp and pageantry

of triumphal processions; without the pealing trumpet of renown. Boadicea, chained to the car of Suetonius, is the too common memorial of heroic womanity.

The story I relate is but a transcript, a mere episode in the sad history of Acadia: yet the record will be pleasing to many who estimate truly, as I do, the merits of brave women. This, then, is the legend of

*Marie De La Tour.*

Not many years after the successful expeditions of the infamous Argall, and his co-pirate, Sir Thomas Dale, Governor of Virginia, by whom the earlier French settlements in Acadia were invaded, King James the First, of England, granted a patent to William Alexander, afterward Earl of Sterling, by which the lands of Acadia, discovered and possessed by the French, were deeded and given to the said William Alexander, who being a Scotchman, rechristened his possessions, and called them *Nova Scotia*, or New-Scotland, in honor of the land of his birth. Monarchs had an easy way of rewarding favorites in those days; a piece of parchment, with a royal autograph and seal attached, gave a title to a province, without searching the record office, to see if there were prior liens upon the land. As Haliburton, quoting Freneau, says:

‘For the time once was here, to all be it known,  
That all a man sailed by, or saw, was his own.’

It made little difference who was the first holder, heathen or Christian, if he could not keep his lands, he could not have them. An expedition was accordingly fitted out by Sir William to confirm the title, and extinguish the surviving French colonies of Acadia. But in the interval between the first expedition of Argall, and the present one, numbers of French settlers had come over to the new countries; so that it was deemed prudent not to claim too much in the face of so large a force, but to wait instead for farther supplies of presbyters and powder.

Among the French colonists were two gentlemen of good family, by name, de La Tour, father and son. It must be remembered that in the original patent of Acadia, granted by Henry IV. to De Monts, freedom of opinion in religion was one of the primary conditions of the grant. In this respect the early settlers of Acadia presented a striking contrast to their after neighbors, of the Plymouth Rock persuasion. Hence it was that Claude de la Tour, and Charles Etienne, his son, although Protestants, held commissions from the French crown, the younger La Tour being in command of a Fort at Cape Sable, an island on the western coast of Acadia, while the elder was on board of a vessel engaged in conveying artillery, munitions, and stores from the mother country to the colonies. It so happened, that the first fillibustering exploit of Sir William was to capture a fleet of transports, among which was the vessel of Claude de la Tour, who was made prisoner, and carried to England. Here, being a widower, he fell in love with a lady, who was maid of honor to the Queen. His passion was returned, and the consequence was, that the young officer at Cape Sable had scarcely lost a father, before he gained a step-mother. At this time the new order of Knights

Baronet of Nova Scotia had been ordained by the King, and La Tour the elder was among the first to receive the honor of installation. It was not surprising, then, that the French prisoner of war should have been so captivated by these marks of royal favor as to lose his discretion, in the fulness of his gratitude; and, therefore, when I state that after receiving a grant of land from his patron, as a farther incentive, he volunteered to assist in the subjugation of Acadia, and as a primary step, undertook to reduce the Fort at Cape Sable; I say, that when I state this, nobody will be surprised, except a chosen few, who cherish some old-fashioned notions, in these days more romantic than real. 'Two ships of war being placed under his command,' he set sail, with his guns and the step-mother, to attack the Fort at Cape Sable. The latter was but poorly garrisoned; but then it contained a daughter-in-law! Under such circumstances, it was plain to be seen that the contest would be continued to the last ounce of powder.

In vain the elder La Tour 'boasted to his son of the reception he had met with in England, of his interest at court, and the honor of knighthood which had been conferred upon him.' In vain he represented 'the advantages that would result from submission,' the benefits of British patronage; and paraded before the eyes of the young commander the parchment grant, the seal, the royal autograph, and the glittering title of Knight Baronet, which would reward his perfidy. His son, shocked and indignant, declined the proffered honors and emoluments, that were only to be gained by an act of treason; and intimated his intention 'to defend the Fort with his life, sooner than deliver it up to the enemies of his country.' In vain the father used the most earnest entreaties, the most touching and parental arguments. Charles Etienne was proof against these. In vain the Baronet alluded to the large force under his command, and deplored the necessity of making an assault, in case his propositions were rejected. Charles Etienne only doubled his sentinels, and stood more firmly entrenched upon his honor. Then the elder La Tour ordered an assault. For two days the storm continued; sometimes the mother-in-law led the Scotch soldiers to the breach, but the French soldiers, under the daughter-in-law, drove them back with such bitter fury, that of the assailants it was hard to say which numbered most, the living or the dead. At last, La Tour the elder abandoned the siege; and 'ashamed to appear in England, afraid to appear in France,' accepted the humiliating alternative of requesting an asylum from his son. Permission to reside in the neighborhood was granted by Charles Etienne. The Scotch troops were reëmbarked for England; and the younger and the elder Mrs. De la Tour smiled at each other grimly from the plain and from the parapet. Farther than this there was no intercourse between the families. Whenever Marie De la Tour sent the baby to grandmother, it went with a troop of cavalry and a flag of truce; and whenever Lady De la Tour left her card at the gate, the drums beat, and the guard turned out with fixed bayonets.

Such discipline had prepared Marie De la Tour for the heroic part which afterward raised her to the historical position she occupies in the chronicles of Acadia. I have had occasion to speak of freedom of opinion existing in this Province; but for the invasion of English and Scotch

fillibusters, this absolute liberty of faith would have produced the happiest fruits in the new colonies. But unfortunately in a weak and newly-settled country, union in all things is an indispensable condition of existence. This very liberty of opinion, in a great measure disintegrated the early French settlements, and separated a people which otherwise might have encountered successfully its rapacious enemies.

But difference of opinion was not the only element of discord in Acadia. Separate and independent interests, loose grants from the crown, one patent often covering another ; imperfect surveys, and oftentimes unprincipled adventurers, ready to serve under any flag, complicated matters in the new world. Shortly after the unsuccessful attack at Cape Sable, Sir William Alexander, finding his Scotch colonies more expensive than profitable, conveyed his title to the Province, with the exception of Port Royal, to the elder De la Tour.

In the mean time, another Frenchman, one David Kirtek, a Calvinist, sailing under the English flag, had effected the conquest of Canada, Champlain, then Governor-General, surrendering the keys of the city of Quebec to his countryman in 1629. Three years after this, King Charles the headless, resigned his claim to New-France to Lewis the Thirteenth, and once more Canada and Acadia were under the *Fleur de Lis*. The Colonies were now placed upon a different footing. The established religion was Catholic ; all Huguenots and strangers were excluded, and none but native-born Frenchmen were admitted in the communities. This was the policy of Richelieu. Under the new government the younger La Tour was confirmed in his title to Cape Sable, and his patent was augmented by further grants, among others the lands on the Gasperau, and the Basin of Minas. Soon after this, an adventurer, by name Danbré de Charnisé, obtained a royal commission as Governor of the Province. This commission was granted with some restrictions, the jurisdiction of Chornisé being limited to such portions of Acadia as were not included in the grant to La Tour. But these boundary lines, instead of being barriers of peace, became bones of contention. In vain King Lewis wrote letters restricting Charnisé to the lands allotted to him. The adventurer would encroach a little upon the soil of his neighbor, complaint followed complaint, accusation was met by counter-accusation. Charnisé finally obtained the ear of the King, and a warrant for the arrest of La Tour was placed in his hands. But the forces of La Tour were equal to those of his rival, and the warrant was not served in consequence of the sturdy opposition of Charles Etienne. In this position of affairs young La Tour sought the aid of the people of Massachusetts. The Pilgrim Fathers first applied to the Bible for information, but finding authority both for granting and refusing the request, determined to adopt a middle course, that is, to connive at La Tour's obtaining recruits and vessels without giving the transaction the stamp of official sanction. The privilege, however, was all that was needed, recruits volunteered, (it must be remembered that Charles Etienne was a Protestant, if not openly in the present aspect of affairs, yet so esteemed,) and La Tour, upon his return to Acadia with his new levies, forced his adversary to beat a speedy retreat. But Charnisé was too able a diplomate to suffer long from this cause. He



laid his commission, and the King's warrant for the arrest of his rival, before the council of New-England, and partly from respect for the royal autograph, partly from dread of a dangerous neighbor, articles of neutrality were speedily agreed upon by the high contracting parties. Meanwhile Marie De la Tour arrived from England, where she had been on a visit to her mother-in-law. The captain of the vessel upon which she had reëmbarked for the new world, having carried her to Boston instead of the river St. John, according to the letter of the charter, was promptly served with a summons to appear before the magistrates to show cause why he did it; and the consequence was, Marie recovered damages to the amount of two thousand pounds in the Marine Court of New-Plymouth. With this sum in her pocket, she chartered a vessel for the river St. John, and arrived at a small fort on its banks, just in time to defend it against Charnisè, who had rallied his forces for an attack during the absence of Charles Etienne.

Marie De la Tour at this time was one of the most beautiful women in the new world. She was not less than twenty, nor more than thirty years of age; her features had a charm beyond the limits of the regular; her eyes were expressive; her mouth intellectual; her complexion brown and clear, could pale or flush with emotions either tender or indignant. She was five feet three in height, her back was straight, her bosom of the true parabola, her hand small, and her waist of the proper clasp. Before such a commandress Danbrè de Charnisè set down his forces in the year 1644.

The garrison was small, and the brave Charles Etienne absent in a distant part of the province. But the unconquerable spirit of the woman prevailed over these disadvantages. At the first attack by Charnisè, the guns of the fort were directed with such consummate skill that every ball told. The besieger, with twenty killed and thirteen wounded, was only too happy to warp his frigate out of the reach of this lovely lady's artillery, and retire to Penobscoot to refit for farther operations. Again Charnisè sailed up the St. John, with the intention of taking the place by assault. By land as by water, his forces were repulsed with great slaughter. A host of Catholic soldiers fell before a handful of Protestant guns, which was not surprising, as the cannon were well pointed, and loaded with grape and canister. For three days Charnisè carried on the attack, and then again retreated. On the fourth day a Swiss hireling deserted to the enemy and betrayed the weakness of the garrison. Charnisè, now confident of success, determined to take the fort by storm; but as he mounted the wall, the lovely La Tour, at the head of her little garrison, met the besiegers with such determined bravery that again they were repulsed. That evening Charnisè hung the traitorous Swiss, and proposed honorable terms, if the brave commandress would surrender. To these terms Marie assented, in the vain hope of saving the lives of the brave men who had survived; the remnants of her little garrison. But the perfidious Charnisè, who, from the vigorous defence of the fort, had supposed that the number of soldiers must have been greater than he had been led to believe, instead of feeling that admiration which brave men always experience when acts of valor are presented by an enemy, lost himself in an abyss of chagrin, to find he had been thrice defeated by a garrison so contempt-

ible in numbers, and led by a *female*. To his eternal infamy let it be recorded, that pretending to have been deceived by the terms of capitulation, Charnisè hanged the brave survivors of the garrison, and even had the baseness and cruelty to parade Madame La Tour herself on the same scaffold, with the ignominious cord around her neck, as a reprieved criminal.

To quote the words of the chronicler : ' The violent and unusual exertions which Madame La Tour had made, the dreadful fate of her household and followers, and the total wreck of his fortune, had such an effect that she died soon after this event.'

So perished the beautiful, the brave, the faithful, the unfortunate ! Shall I add that Charnisè died soon after, leaving a bereaved but blooming widow ? That Charles Etienne La Tour, to prevent farther difficulties in the province, laid siege to that sad and sympathizing lady, not with flag and drum, shot and shell, but with the more effectual artillery of love ? That Madame Charnisè finally surrendered, and that Charles Etienne was wont to say to her, after the wedding : ' Beloved, *your* husband and *my* wife had many a pitched battle, but let *us* live in peace for the rest of our days, my dear.'

Quaint, old, mouldy Halifax seems more attractive after re-writing this portion of its early history. The defence of that little fort, with its slender garrison, by Madame La Tour, against the perfidious Charnisè, brings to mind other instances of female heroism, peculiar to the French people. It recalls the achievements of Joan of Arc, and Charlotte Corday. Not less, than these, in the scale of intrepid valor and devotion, is the story of Marie de la Tour !

Although it is late, yet I will light a fresh segar, and stroll forth upon the night. I know that this little episode in the history of Acadia has touched a key that will make sleep impossible for many hours. So for a quiet walk by the ancient wharves of sleeping Halifax, to look out on the harbor of Chebucto and Bedford Basin, where the French admiral fell upon his sword in the midst of his tempest-beaten fleet a hundred years ago.

Among the note-worthy places in the vicinity of this queer old city, I had not visited the Prince's lodge on Bedford Basin. Thither I went with my friend Robert, on the morning following my arrival. It must be remembered that Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, the father of our gracious lady, Queen Victoria, in whose honor the island of Prince Edward was named, was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces in British North-America, in the year 1798. I am afraid his Royal Highness was a sad reprobate in those days, at least such is the record of tradition. Bedford Basin is a sort of large salt-water lake of the most intense blue tint, surrounded with hilly slopes, now cultivated, now in their original evergreen ; lying just back of Halifax, and connected with its harbor by a narrow inlet. Here did Edward ' a pleasure dome decree.' We rode along its ' spicy shores,' until we came to a circular edifice, with a round dome, supported on columns — the ' Music House,' where the royal band was wont to play in days ' lang syne.' Here we stopped, and leaving our horse and wagon in charge of a farmer, strolled over the grounds. Here was the Prince's mansion, now a mass of ruins ; here the library, with its tumbled-down bricks and timbers,

choking up the stream that wound through the vice-regal domains : here the bowling-green, yet fresh with verdure ; here the fishing pavilion, over an artificial lake, with an artificial island in the midst ; here the willows, and deciduous trees, planted by the Prince, the rose-bushes, the columbines, scattered in wild profusion where once had been the garden. I could not but admire the elegance and grace, which, even now, were so apparent, amid the ruins of the lodge, nor could I help recalling those earlier days, when the red-coats clustered around the gates, and the grounds were sparkling with lamps at night ; when the band from the music-house woke the echoes with the clash of martial instruments, and the young Prince, with his gay gallants, and his powdered, patched, and painted Jezebels, held his brilliant court, with banner, music, and flotilla ; with the array of soldiery, and the pageantry of ships-of-war, on Bedford Basin.

I stood by the ruins of a little stone-bridge, which had once spanned the sparkling brook, and led to the Prince's library, and as I saw, far and near, the flaunting flowers of the now abandoned garden, and the distant columns of the silent Music House, I felt sad amid the desolation, although I knew not why. For wherefore should any one feel sad to see the temples of dissipation laid in the dust ? For my own part, I am a poor casuist, but nevertheless, I do not think my conscience will suffer from this feeling. There is a touch of humanity in it, and always some germ of sympathy will burgeon and bloom around the once populous abodes of men, whether they were tenanted by the pure or by the impure.

Yet another day, and then for a ride to the Gasperau, and the shores of the Basin of Minas !

'In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,  
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pré  
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,  
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.  
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,  
Shut out the turbulent tides : but at stated seasons the flood-gates  
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.  
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and corn-fields  
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain ; and away to the northward  
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains  
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic  
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.  
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.  
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,  
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the HENRIES.  
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ; and gables projecting  
Over the basement below protected and shaded the door-way.  
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset  
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,  
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles  
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden  
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors  
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.  
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children  
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.

Reverend walked he among them : and up rose matrons and maidens,  
 Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.  
 Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank  
 Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry  
 Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village  
 Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,  
 Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.  
 Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers :  
 Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from  
 Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.  
 Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows :  
 But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners :  
 There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.'

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N E W - E N G L A N D .

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BY J. SWETT.

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LET us talk together, brothers, as we rest the weary hand,  
 And gather round our camp-fires, of the dear old Father-land :  
 The toil of day is ended, let us think no more of gold,  
 But gather up the golden thoughts of home in days of old :  
 Oh ! tell not of the Orient, or soft Italian clime,  
 Where man is but a tyrant's tool, for war, and blood, and crime :  
 We better love the rugged land, which spurns a slavish yoke,  
 And boasts of hardy laborers, with hearts like mountain-oak.

Let us talk, New-England Brothers, of the land we love the best,  
 By early friendships hallowed, and by holy memories blest :  
 Of maidens, true and beautiful, of men, the free and bold,  
 Who gather round the fire-sides, as in the days of old.  
 What though the pulse of passion throbs not with tropic heat ?  
 No purer hearts, no *truer* hearts, in love responsive beat :  
 The ties that bind us to those hearts, nor time nor space can sever,  
 Our feet are on Pacific's strand — our hearts, New-England's, ever !

Oh ! tell us not of Spanish girls, whose vows are light as air :  
 Round the hearth-stones of our Northern land are maidens full as fair :  
 Their hearts are pure as crystal streams that from the mountains flow,  
 Their souls are stainless as the hills, when robed in light-flaked snow :  
 The Grecian maids are beautiful in 'Islands of the blest ;'  
 We better love the Yankee girls, whose sweet lips ours have pressed :  
 And brighter is the sun-light which beams from love-lit eyes,  
 Than the thrilling passion-glances under burning tropic skies.

God bless the rough old Yankee land, and dear old Plymouth Rock,  
 And make New-England's children like the hardy Pilgrim stock !  
 For her wealth lies not in treasures by golden stream or glen,  
 But in priceless hearts of women, and the iron souls of men :  
 And, brothers, though we labor in a golden land, we know,  
 We keep the tough, true, *granite* hearts, she gave us years ago :  
 And we never can forget her, though we tread a golden strand,  
 Our hearts turn fondly ever to the rough old Pilgrim Land.

*Feather River, (California.)*

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Complete in two Volumes. pp. 628. Boston : TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS.

WE noticed in these pages, we think, about two years since, a fine collection of poems, by WHITTIER; but in these beautiful volumes, (of the 'Blue and Gold Uniform Edition' of the publishers,) he presents us for the first time with a complete collection of his poetical writings. 'Here,' he says, in his preface, 'it is satisfactory to know, that all the scattered children of his brain have found a home at last.' We are glad to find the opinions we expressed of Mr. WHITTIER's genius, as exhibited in his former volume, more than confirmed by one among the ablest of our daily critics: 'WHITTIER presents a rare union of qualities, which place him in the foremost rank of our native poets. In point of originality, none will question his claims to superiority over a large proportion of the popular writers of verse in this country. Familiar with the choicest products of English song, he has adopted no favorite as the model of his own poetry. He draws from the inner fountains of the soul, with the inevitable necessity that compels the noblest effusions of bards and prophets. Experience, and not erudition, is the secret of his power. His materials are drawn from the actual observation of life, and not from the study of classical examples. Few are more truly the children of nature than himself. He lives in her presence with the freedom of a son, and from communion with her spirit derives ample and perpetual health for his own. This is a remarkable characteristic of his poetry. Abounding in touches of exquisite tenderness, showing an almost womanly depth of sympathy and pathos, and delighting more in the shadowy fields of contemplation than in the more vigorous excitements of action, it never degenerates into the record of morbid sentiment, nor loses the firm and cheerful tone which indicates a perfect soundness and equilibrium of the faculties. His strenuous ethics, sometimes, give a tinge of bitterness to his expression; but no sagacious observer can doubt the intrinsic sweetness of nature, which, in him, no less than it was in MILTON, is blended with the fiery zeal of the re-

former.' By-the-by, reader, 'and to conclude,' did the thought ever occur to you, how many of our best and most renowned poets hail from 'Yankee Land?' Let us look at this a moment: BRYANT, HALLECK, LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER, HOLMES, PIERPONT, PERCIVAL, DANA, LOWELL, only begin the list of New-England's bards. We had well-nigh forgotten to mention that this collection is really 'embellished' with an exceedingly faithful and well-executed portrait of the calm and thoughtful-visaged author.

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HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES OF THE CITY OF DES MOINES. Illustrated with Eight Engravings. By H. B. TURRILL. In a small square Pamphlet Volume: pp. 114. Des Moines, Iowa: Press of REDHEAD AND DAWSON.

THIS is not a large book, but it is largely furnished with valuable information. It contains a view of the city and county of Des Moines, and an enumeration of the various advantages which the surrounding region offers to emigrants. The author has not been elaborate, nor did he intend to be. His object was to present a plain and concise statement of facts, and in this he seems to have well succeeded. The little booklet opens with a picture of Des Moines, as it *now* is, contrasted with what it was in its not remote infancy. We lamented the absence of such a *present* view of the great and greatly-growing city of Chicago, in an excellent and more elaborate, yet somewhat kindred work with the present, entitled '*Illinois as it Is*,' although that volume, like the one before us, was very liberally embellished with other illustrations of the history and progress of the place. The history of Des Moines embraces a period so recent, that even romance has not disturbed its quiet with wild tales of what was so obscure as to become suitable for imagination to enlarge upon and mystify. Human memories can yet impart interest and truth to the statements, or correct the mistakes of the historian, who would place upon record those reminiscences of interest, afforded even by the brief existence of Des Moines. To preserve those reminiscences while yet they can be derived from the lips of men who experienced them personally, and who in a few years will pass from among the people of that region, is the specified object of the present book. The flight of every year throws a shadow upon the past. What now is clear will soon become dim; what now is dim will finally be impenetrable. Passing the 'trade,' 'emigration,' 'agricultural,' 'real estate,' and other matters, we present one or two other extracts of a somewhat more desultory and miscellaneous character. The first will interest our friends, the lawyers, and the second will tickle the cockles of the hearts of our dignified peers, the unctuous and susceptible JUDGES of the land. This was the first court convened in the State. It was held in a log-shanty, and 'His Honor, JOSEPH WILLIAMS,' *he* presided:

'THE grand-jury being impaneled, sworn, and charged, were given in custody to LEWIS WHITTEN, bailiff, and went out as usual to consider on such matters and things as might perchance be brought to their notice. Happily, crimes had been but few, and



they found nothing demanding their attention, consequently they brought in no 'true bills,' except for their fees. They soon returned to court, were discharged, and the court adjourned till the next term.

'JEREMIAH CHURCH, one of the jury, says in his journal, they were an uncouth and barbarous-looking set; that he felt constrained to apologize to the Judge for their rough appearance: but Mr. CHURCH does not state whether *his* habiliments were altogether up to the dignity of a grand-juror or not. JUDGE WILLIAMS jocosely told him that men might have clean hearts under dirty shirts; and that in a new country every allowance was to be made for personal attire and appearance.

'Judge WILLIAMS, afterward Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Iowa, possessed valuable and extensive legal acquirements, which his long judicial career in this State has abundantly proven. He was, withal, an inveterate joker, and never so happy as when he had an opportunity to give his mirthful proclivities full exercise. Many stories illustrating his ready wit and appetite for fun, are related. The only person, however, who ever beat him with the tongue, was a *woman*, MARY HAYS. The feminine CHARON of the Des Moines rather checked his loquacity, when one day he attempted to play off one of his jokes upon her. The Judge was boarding on the east side of the river—bridges existed only in the imaginations of the most enterprising—and in attending court he crossed to-and-fro in a skiff. Sometimes one, sometimes another ferried him over; but once there was no man at hand. Miss HAYS, a young, and in all probability, a very good-looking lady, was washing near the river bank.

'MARY,' said the Judge, 'how am I to get across this river?'

'Why, in a skiff, I suppose,' MARY quietly replied.

'But there is no one to bring back the boat, and I am a very poor rower. Now, MARY, really, do n't you think you could take pity on a man in such a troublesome predicament, leave your interesting work, and volunteer to row me over? I'll pay you in any number of—kisses you ask; sweeter and heartier ones than you ever received in your life.'

'Certainly, I'll take you over; but as to kisses, Mr. JUDGE, I do n't want any thing of that sort, particularly from such an old scrub as you.'

'Oh! I suppose you have had rather a surfeit of that article lately. Has JIM —'

'Now, Judge, if you want to go across, just get in and sit still, and *be still!*'

'Judge WILLIAMS waited until they had got fairly out in the current of the river. MARY plied the oars as if she had seen sea-service.

'MARY!'

'Sir!'

'Suppose I just turn this boat down stream, carry you off and marry you; would it not be a delightful plan? You would just suit me, and I would you. Certainly, destiny always intended us for mates, and I suppose a little scheming would be excusable to gain such a lovely prize as you. Here we go now, down the river to New-Orleans, or elsewhere.'

'At this, MARY's provoked spirit fairly glittered in her eyes. With intensity of emphasis, she exclaimed:

'You carry me off! You marry me! I would not *have* such an old dried-up cracklin'. I would n't marry you if you were the last man on earth, and a woman could n't get to heaven without a husband; and if you do n't stop your nonsense, and behave yourself, I'll pitch you head first into the river, and you may make as long a voyage as you please; but one thing is certain, you do n't take me with you!'

'The Judge of course stopped teasing her at this, laughing heartily at her Amazonian threats; and rumor does not say whether he paid his fare in exchange in CUPID's bank or not.'

Our second and only farther extract will serve to show the influence of mind, but more especially of the God-given gift of natural oratory, even upon a lawless mob, who may oftentimes *reason* well, but always *act* wrong:

'HOLLAND was travelling through the country, stopping at various places where his business demanded, and among the rest at Fort Des Moines. While here, some malicious person reported that he was a speculator, and was engaged in selecting choice claims which he intended to purchase. He was also suspected of being connected with PERKINS in his attempted frauds. These statements, although false, so far as is now known, being industriously spread far and wide among the settlers, caused no little excitement, and their exasperation soon raised to that pitch, that a crowd of them resolved to give Mr. HOLLAND a sample of pioneer justice, in the prompt application of that notorious branch of jurisprudence which Judge LYNCH has the merit of originating. HOLLAND was made aware of these inhospitable intentions, but he took it all very coolly, manifesting no uneasiness whatever. He cared not a whit for the mob, whether they were many or few, or however they were armed and infuriated. He was a match for them, and would meet them, and had no doubt they would go away faster than they came.

They probably would not come near him at all; but if they did, it was all right. He knew how to fix them. And so he did.

‘However, they came, a mob of fierce, determined, blood-thirsty men, bent on taking the most signal and exemplary vengeance on the unpardonable villain, whose intentions were so detrimental to their interests, and who had audaciously ventured into their power. The infuriated crew numbered about thirty. Their oaths and murderous threats loaded the air with a pestilential burden. Surrounding HOLLAND’s house with a guard of armed men, to prevent the possibility of his escape, the ringleader ordered him to come forth and meet his doom, the doom of all men who should tamper with the interests of the citizens of Polk county, by any fraudulent schemes. As called for, HOLLAND appeared, told the mob he was perfectly willing to submit to their will and pleasure, and requested the privilege of making them a speech. None could deny him permission, though many viewed it with impatience; and HOLLAND, mounting a box that stood near, and gazing with calm, unwavering eye, into the faces of his hostile auditory, commenced his vindication.

‘He was an orator, accustomed to sway at will the minds of an audience, and directed the feelings of his hearers into any channel he chose. With a voice whose deep, impressive, and skilfully inflected tones, arrested and held spell-bound the most careless listener; with language which clothed every thought, if imaginative, in the most fascinating garb; if argumentative, in an impregnable armor; and the mysterious, undefinable spirit of eloquence, permeating through, and rendering irresistibly powerful, every tone, word, and gesture, he stirred the hearts of the murderous crowd, impatient for his blood, and turned their sympathies enthusiastically in his favor. Their faces, before distorted with rage, were wreathed with smiles, not merely of friendship, but of admiration. Their hands, which lately had clenched with angry grasp the most deadly weapons, were frankly extended to him, with all the kindness of intimacy and respect. At the conclusion of the speech, they all asked his pardon for the wrong they had, in the impetuosity of passion, conceived and nearly accomplished; and having assured HOLLAND of their unflinching attachment, they withdrew, in the best of humor, to the nearest grocery, where each drank a glass of whiskey in commemoration of the occasion, the expense of which, HOLLAND, who accompanied them, generously defrayed.’

Not long since we noticed in these pages a historical sketch of the *old* relics, in an old State, (New-Jersey,) and now welcome a description of the new memorials of a *new* ‘Province.’ We hope to see many other comparatively new States imitate the example.

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APPLETON’S ILLUSTRATED HAND-BOOK OF AMERICAN TRAVEL. In one Volume: pp. 413. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THIS is a successful effort to ‘guide the traveller truly and surely;’ to show him intelligently the past and the present; the *physique* and the *morale* of the great country through which he is led; its differing peoples and places from the mountains to the prairies; from the cities and palaces of the East, to the wildernesses and wigwags of the West. This work is, in some respects, a ‘counterpart of one of JOHN MURRAY’s widely-celebrated productions of kindred character, *plus* an immense collection of maps, plans, and wood-cuts, descriptive of famous localities and objects of curiosity. For the extreme cleverness of some of these last-named miniature sketches of town and country, as also for the perfection of neatness that marks all the embellishments, Mr. T. ADDISON RICHARDS must be thanked. He is already known as a popular landscape painter, and the getting up of this volume clearly shows him to be a man of great taste and intelligence. No small amount of labor and judgment must have been invested in such a work; nor is it every man,’ adds our contemporary of ‘*The Albion*,’ ‘who can discri-

minate in his notices, as Mr. RICHARDS has done, distributing his space and graduating his encomiums in proportions that strike us as singularly just. On the whole, the American community is so greatly addicted to locomotion, in the way either of business or pleasure, that this excellent publication is a decided boon. When you are at a loss where to go, and how to go, or what to do, consult it by all means.'

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MARRIED AND SINGLE. By the Author of 'REDWOOD,' 'HOPE LESLIE,' 'THE LINWOODS,' etc. In two Volumes: pp. 513. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS, Franklin-Square.

ONE of the first works of Miss SEDGWICK which we ever read; and one among the first, in its kind, by the way, from the pen of *any* female author, except 'THADDEUS of Warsaw,' and 'The Scottish Chiefs,' which we ever perused, was '*Redwood*;' and even now, much and well as our preëminent American 'Authoress' has written since, there are certain characters in that work, which for naturalness of delineation, for perfect *individuality* of portraiture, have never been surpassed — by Miss SEDGWICK, at least. Who, for example, can ever in the world forget the 'Old Maid' DEBBY? It is twenty-five years since we read the book, and we *may* forget even the name; yet we 'mainly doubt' as to even *that*; but as to the *character*, never. She stands before us now on the piazza of Congress-Hall at Saratoga, striking the whip-lash of the family horse-whip upon the floor, her true heart filled the while with thoughts 'too deep for words to utter.' As for '*Married and Single*,' the writer of this already 'popular' work must needs know, that in our own especial family circle, where she is not only an old 'authorial' but an old personal favorite; beloved of the good who are gone, as of the kindred 'good' who remain; there could be but one opinion: '*not unbiased*;' it might be insinuated, 'under the circumstances.' Certainly not: what would a friend be worth, who was not biased in your favor? It is for a 'good and sufficient reason' that *we* have not yet read '*Married and Single*;' it has been so 'current' in a wide circle of delighted readers, that we have not found it upon our table for a single half-day, up to the 'present time of writing,' August the thirty-first. We cannot resist the inclination to quote in this place a few remarks upon the characteristics of Miss SEDGWICK's writings from a brief but very able notice of her last work by the able literary editor of '*The Tribune*' daily journal:

'SHE has never appealed for the interest of her works to the morbid love of excitement; never attempted to array her characters in any other than a natural costume; has not gone out of her way in pursuit of the strange, the fantastic, or the horrible; has shown no tendency to extravagance, either in thought or expression; but has quietly selected her materials within the range of every-day experience, gathering illustrations from the ongoing of domestic life, the buddings of youthful promise, and the ripened satisfactions of a noble career of wisdom and virtue. No American writer has been

more felicitous in the description of natural scenes in the retirement of the village, or shown more sagacity in threading the mazes of vanity and folly in artificial life. Her perceptions are singularly truthful; her observant faculties never sleep; her pictures are portraits, and not caricatures; her infrequent comments are pungent, though without bitterness. With a sound and active intellect, her highest inspiration flows from the sweet fountain of her moral nature. She always watches reverently for the monitions of conscience, though she is neither a prude nor a pedant. Her instincts are not only those of a genuine woman, but of one with an inborn affinity with whatever is noble, lovely, and of high honor. She has a remarkable sense of fitness, harmony, the right thing in the right place. Discords jar upon her healthy, musical temperament. She feels keenly the beauty of moral adaptation, even the humblest routine of life. Her favorite characters are evidently those who combine a liberal stock of common-sense with quick and tender impulses, and a native aversion to wrong-doing. She has no fancy for people who are always on the verge of perdition, and who, if saved from turning out to be villains and wretches, owe it more to some happy accident of circumstances than to any germs of goodness in their own nature. Her love of moral propriety determines the character of her plot, and tinctures her style of expression. The worst persons whom she attempts to delineate are usually saved from 'deep damnation,' or a veil is charitably thrown over their most hideous features. In this respect her aversion to the recital of evil sometimes, we think, blinds her to the intentions of nature, who, in compounding the elements of a reprobate, seldom fails to afford the chance of their development. Until we know more of the mysteries of life, one is tempted to think that the formation of 'bad subjects' enters as largely into her plan as the unfolding of saints and angels from the rubbish of humanity. Miss SEDGWICK does not make sufficient allowance for this fact, and accordingly kindly restrains her desperate cases in mid career, or suffers them to slide easily out of sight, with no heart to make their demerits conspicuous, or to give a deeper effect to her story by representing the blackest shades of their character. Her diction, in like manner, takes its tone and coloring from her pure and vigorous moral sense. It has no taint of ambition, she would rather lose a point than gain it by false embellishment, and though she never sacrifices elegance and refinement, is clearly more intent on giving a faithful expression of her own mind than on exciting the admiration of her readers.

'The novel now newly published forms an appropriate counterpart to her former productions. It bears the mark of the author so plainly that it would be impossible to mistake its origin. No one but Miss SEDGWICK could have written it; nor could Miss SEDGWICK have written any thing widely its opposite. The interest of the story, in general, depends less on the movement of the plot, which, though it presents some powerful and exciting scenes, for the most part preserves a tranquil domestic tone, than on its happy descriptions of character, and its accurate illustrations of the events of common life. ELEANOR and GRACE, the leading female figures in the group, are admirably contrasted in the calm, intelligent devotion to duty exhibited by the one, and the beautiful impulses and sometimes erratic vivacity of the other. Uncle WALTER is a sketch on which the author has exerted her highest skill, and he must become as great a favorite with the reader as he evidently is with herself. The whole moral of the story which is conspicuous without being too prominent, is that married life is not essential to the cultivation of the warmest affections and the noblest traits of character, but that 'in maiden meditation fancy free,' a sphere is presented for the exercise of the most gracious virtues and the loveliest natural endowments. Its force is diminished, however, by the tender relenting of the author, who seems, at the close of the volume, to have departed from her original plan, and after all, marries the heroine, who was intended to illustrate the brightest phases of single life.'

The scenes and personages of the novel are borrowed from this metropolis, and some of the lovely villages of New-England. Beautifully printed.

MORMONISM: ITS LEADERS AND DESIGNS. By JOHN HYDE, Jr., formerly a Mormon Elder, and Resident of Salt Lake City. In one Volume: pp. 325. New-York: W. P. FETRIDGE AND COMPANY.

THIS is the most interesting, as it is unquestionably the most reliable, work that has yet appeared, concerning the Mormons. For our own part, we believe every word of it. EX-ELDER HYDE not only writes well, using pure 'educated English;' but there is such an air of truthfulness, of candor, of just reasoning, in his book, that he wins at once upon the confidence of his readers. 'There is no attempt at melo-dramatic effect; no portrayal of impossible depravity. The causes that lead to particular actions are laid bare; the singular blindness of these deluded fanatics is satisfactorily explained, on well-known principles of human nature. The most important parts of the volume are those which relate to the institutions of polygamy and Mormon mysteries. The effect of the former upon the morals and habits of men and women, the social confusion of which it is the cause, the jealousies, heart-breakings, and ruin, which follow in its train, are depicted with painful verisimilitude. We have confidence in these descriptions, because they agree with accounts received from other sources, and because the facts stated are such as every reasoning man must expect to find. The unhappiness and degradation which the system brings upon the first wife, and the numbing influence it exerts upon her affections, are portrayed with melancholy power, and illustrated by numerous instances. Yet, strangely enough, some of these infatuated women are contented, and encourage their husbands in the practice of polygamy. Some of the most enthusiastic arguments in its favor are used by women.' When, several months since, we stood with our friend, Captain HULSE, by the pilot-house of the steamer 'ERIE,' coming up the Hudson one night, and listened to the singing, and praying, and glorifying of 'Brother BRIGHAM,' of a whole ship-load of English Mormons, on their way to their far-distant Mecca, we pitied their infatuation. How much more should we pity them now, especially the fair and fresh-looking young women, some of whom are doubtless now 'sealed' for some Mormon harem.

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HART'S GEOGRAPHICAL EXERCISES, revised and enlarged by the addition of Maps and Exercises for Review. By CHARLES B. STOUT. IVISON AND PHINNEY, 321 Broadway.

THIS is not so much a system of geography as a series of definitions, questions, and exercises adapted to any geography and atlas, and designed to fix the leading facts and principles of the study in the pupil's memory. It must be a capital work for drilling classes in this science, and is arranged with great skill for review. Its questions are clearly stated, covering the whole field, and dwelling with due emphasis upon the more important parts. We should say that teachers who wish to make the study of geography thorough and practical, and all persons who desire to fix indelibly the grand points of the science in their memory, could hardly be commended to a manual more exact, comprehensive, and apt.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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FISHING EXCURSION TO 'JOHN BROWN'S TRACT.'—Let us say a few words concerning our recent *Pilgrimage to John Browne, his Tracte*: certainly one of the most rememberable trips we ever made in our life. So it was, then, that in company with a near neighbor (only three miles-and-a-half away, a resident of one of the pleasantest villages on the west shore of the Tappaan-Zee,) and a nearer friend, we departed on our journey in the Hudson River Rail-road cars, late in the afternoon, bound for Albany. So seldom do we travel, that we felt a 'newness of life' as we swept along the broad river, past verdant lawns, sumptuous villas, and still, secluded waters; beguiling the way with much pleasant discourse—now light and jollyful, now serious, and now speculative: until some one said, '*A-a-a-L-ba-ny!*' and lo! we were at the capital city of the State, whose street-lights, rising one above another, to the apex of 'Capitol-Hill,' were reflected in the still waters of the river. It seemed like magic almost, as we deposited our carpet-bags in the office of the superb *Delavan House*, about the hour of ten in the evening, and proceeded to 'renovate,' preparatory to supper. Which being done, we repaired to the beautiful apartments of our neighbor 'THE COLONEL,' where, after hearing the 'plan' for next day's work, indulgence was had in a mild segar, and then to bed. A good breakfast the next morning; an introduction to some of 'The Board' whom we were to accompany; and away in the morning cars, through the ever-lovely valley of the Mohawk, bound for Utica. The scene is too familiar to need description: beside, we desire to 'get on.'

Dust and grime encompassed us round about, and covered us, when we stepped out of the cars in front of Bagg's Hotel—an establishment which still retains the high reputation which it held twenty years ago. (We hope it is the same with 'PHIL. RUST's Syracuse House,' and Blossom's Canandaigua Hotel: for, to find such favorite resting-places unchanged, causes one to feel himself 'a boy again.') But what cared the kind friends who awaited us on the walk, for our outer man? We were made 'as welcome as the flowers in May:' were ushered into the Hotel: refreshed with a noble



ice-piled sherry-cobbler; 'straw put in the tumbler,' as 'Uncle CHARLEY,' of Louisville, says; 'stir it well, and *'take it personally;'* after which we 'enjoyed systematical health.' Copious lavation and elaborate brushing prepared us for the luxurious dinner which awaited us. But BAGG's *dinners* always 'speak for themselves.' A visit from one or two old acquaintances, among them our genial and hospitable friend, C. W —, (whom Mr. SPARROWGRASS should know, to unwarp his twisted mind as touching the entire Scottish race,) and we again find ourselves in the cars, bound for BOONVILLE, our terminus by rail, in our progress toward JOHN BROWN's Tract.

Behold us arrived at Boonville, and comfortably bestowed in *Hulbert's Hotel*, a well-kept, commodious establishment, whose host contrives even out-of-the-way means to make his guests comfortable and happy. An *excellent* inn, in every respect, to which we commend all our travelling friends in that region. *Such* a table! 'But no matter: 'still let us on.' No, not yet. It is meet *now* that we speak of a portion of our company, and its purpose. A part of the Canal Board of our State, consisting of the State-Engineer, a Canal Commissioner, and some of their first officers, were on a surveying expedition, to examine the State-work in the Black River, for facilitating the navigation of that always tortuous, and often very shallow stream; and also to visit and examine the Reservoirs for supplying the Black River Canal, when additional water is required. But of these, more hereafter. Suffice it to say, that our party was kindly permitted to accompany the State force; and that good horses and carriages conveyed us from Boonville to 'LYON's Falls,' a charming ride of some three hours, where we arrived after dusk, just in time to hear the roar of the waters in the still evening air, without seeing them, to get a good supper, and go to bed. In the morning early, N — and 'Old KNICK' were under the beautiful and picturesque Falls, with our lines out: but no trout: the morning was not auspicious. After breakfast, we repaired to the new steamer, '*L. R. Lyon*,' named after a large landed proprietor 'of that ilk,' whose cognomen 'LYON's Falls' will long perpetuate, and prepared for the voyage down the river. Presently a row-boat placed alongside a 'stout gentleman,' a lady with a large bouquet of beautiful variegated flowers, and two fair girls, whom we were not surprised to be introduced to as 'Mrs. and Mr. LYON and daughters.' Soon we steamed off; at a moderate rate, for the purpose of examining the pile-barriers, which occupy, altogether, several miles of space in the shallow parts of the river. The '*L. R. Lyon*' is a new stern-wheel boat, large and comfortable, with a nice saloon and 'addittaments' above, and open below down to near the water, for the bestowal of much lumber, etc. Black River is exceedingly picturesque in its sudden turnings and windings, and in the great clumps of shade which ever and anon settle upon its calm, black bosom. But crooked! — tortuous! Was there ever any thing *like* it? Here we pass, on *the left*, the village of Martinsburgh, the capital of the county: a little farther on, we pass Lowville, Lewis county, on *the right*: presently, Martinsburgh is on *the right*, and Lowville on *the left*! We passed a white 'meeting-house' in the same way, some half-a-dozen times. At length we reached 'BEACH's Bridge,' a forlorn-looking place, if

'place' it may be called; and the river-survey having been completed, the 'L. R. LYON' turned about and headed the other way, that is, so far as there *is* any 'other way' on the Black River! Returning, we sat down to an excellent dinner, previously prepared through the considerate care of Mr. LYON. Arrived at 'the Falls,' we visited the beautiful park-grounds and mansion of our host. Two things impressed us most pleasantly here: a large garden, full of choice flowers, (of which we could never tire,) with a fountain, and fish-pond, full of the liveliest speckled trout: and a level park of some ten or fifteen acres, in which ran and coursed about a herd of sleek bounding deer. We left this charming spot with regret, and at latish night-fall found ourselves back with our host HULBURT at Boonville, and 'inly ruminating the morrow's dawn,' when we were to commence our excursion into the Wilderness.

What commissaries we had! Over at BABCOCK's nice 'Saloon' that night every thing was arranged: under the supervision of Prof. ADAM CYGHTÉ, one of the most distinguished *savants* of our time, assisted by T. B —, (who has no superior in his line, and there is no better *line* than his, either,) nothing was left to be desired.

Perceive us rolling on our way to 'The Woods:' three strong two-horse wagons, containing 'the party,' and one *big* wagon the edibles and potables which were to be our 'sustenance and support' in the howling wilderness. Over a good plank-road we 'sped, at a brisk trot, past rich but newly-cultivated fields of rye and oats, green as a leek, and beautifying even the black-charred 'stumps' which were profusely sprinkled over the fields. Now we would descend a sandy hill into a deep gorge, where the shallow Black River tumbled over its rocky bed, and saw-mills and tanneries diversified the scene; now tarry for a moment at a little settlement-inn, to eat a bowl of delicious field-strawberries and milk; and then rattling on our way again. Finally, about noontide, we drew rein at 'a place where two roads met,' and where a small house, with a quartering piazza, occupied the corner. Here we 'unlimbered:' the drivers tethered, watered, and fed their horses in the shade of an adjacent barn; while we men-folks prepared for our lunch from the 'supply-wagon.' Let us tell you who we were: 'THE COLONEL,' Chief 'ENGINEER' of the Company: Major G —, First-Assistant: T. B —, Second ditto: Professor ADAM CYGHTÉ, *Sans Pareil*: quiet, contemplative W —: still but 'operative' F —: quick, active, reliable T —: tall E —, all fisherman, except what was 'good fellow' *outside* of that: while his brother

"Oe.,' (not of Bashan,) *he* was there,  
With a pretty good head, but not very much hair,  
So little, in fact, that a wig he must wear,  
Ri-tu-di-nu-di-na.'

Together with the chronicler hereof:

'Oh! that Vishing Gompanie,  
Twas der *best* Gompanie  
That come over de zee!'

Such was our 'goodlie companie.' Now, for the benefit of our brothers of the angle and lovers of wood-craft, let us say something of our provant,

what time we are discussing this delicious ham, with hard-boiled eggs, bread-and-butter, soda-crackers, some *eau-de-vie* of '45, and eke ye 'Scottish Ale of Embro Town.' *Imprimis*, then :

Boiled Hams,	3
Uncooked,	2
Bread, (of Loaves,) . . . . .	30
Soda and Boston Crackers, (of pounds,) . . . . .	20
Eggs, Boiled, . . . . .	150
" Au Naturel, . . . . .	100
Lemons, ( <i>En Papillotte</i> ), . . . . .	150
Sugar, (Superfine Crushed,) of pounds, . . . . .	6
" Powdered, . . . . .	6
" Muscovado Superieur, . . . . .	6
Coffee, Mocha, (of pounds,) . . . . .	3
" Java, . . . . .	3
Tea, Green and Black, (of pounds,) . . . . .	3

These be the EDIBLES, mainly : saying nothing of sardines, old cheese, and other the like 'beverages.' Of POTABLES 'it needs not now to speak.' Suffice it that they were of great variety, of the choicest vintages and qualities, and of mature age. Thus accoutred, please to remark us upon our way into the edge of the interminable wood which is now to know no opening save by the hundred clustering lakes that spread their blue bosoms to the sky. Yes, there is *one* opening — '*John Lane's*' — one of Nature's noblemen : *there* is an opening, and the last, for many a league away : a place where few who once tarry, desire soon to depart. But we are on our way thither. — We are *there*, thank the FATES ! And *from* there, and elsewhere, in the boundless TRACT, you shall hear from us 'at large,' next month, life and health permitting. Consider us as having only arrived at our *point d'appui*. We are going now to '*have a time*.'

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GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Ah, ha ! — we *thought* so ! We said, when we read the last number of the '*Blue Noses*,' (which we saw not until we read it in a bound copy of the KNICKERBOCKER at Cedar-Hill, as the writer reads his own proofs,) that Mr. SPARROWGRASS would 'catch it,' and he *has*, and will again, elsewhere, we dare say :

'DEAR CLARK : You doubtless remember the story of the Frenchman who addressed his wife thus : 'You are a good-for-nothing bitch, my dear !' And while your thinking-cap is on, call to mind the letter of CHARLES LAMB to Miss HUTCHINSON, in which he heaps playful abuse upon his sister MARY's chirography, simply because, as his genial biographer, TALFOURD, has it, all the affectionate epithets he was master of, were inadequate to express his unbounded brotherly love. I dare make 'a lively bet' that *you* have felt the same impulse strong within you when you have observed, with a paternal eye, the various exhibitions of any one of the younglings of the House of KNICK ; the impulse, from overflowing, overwhelming love, to put out your strong arms and *crush* the tender, delicate limbs of your own child. At any rate, *I* have felt such an impulse. And I feel a kindred impulse when I hear a good man say a good thing about another good man, who has been abused or depreciated. And this brings me to the point I have been aiming

at, which is this: When I read your paragraph in the September KNICK about ROBERT BURNS, I felt so good that I wanted to take that genial, appreciative old head of yours and pound it with a big stone! That's a fact. You never said a better word at a better time than when you penned that estimate of ROBERT BURNS. And I'll tell you why it was peculiarly fitting that you should say what you did, as you did, and when you did. Our friend, Mr. SPARROWGRASS, has been giving us, through your pages, from month to month, his impressions of the Blue Noses. Being an old-fashioned reader of the KNICKERBOCKER, I have read, slowly and deliberately, the whole series — *every word*; and possessing, beside, a share of the faculty of appreciation, I feel I have a right to say 'Good for SPARROWGRASS!' The letters are like the man — first-rate company. He who neglects to read them deprives himself of a good thing, and is a sinner by omission. I like Mr. SPARROWGRASS. I always read what he writes. I have followed him under all his varied manifestations of himself; whether as RICHARD HAYWARDE, as Mr. SPARROWGRASS, as the concocter of the BUSHWHACKERIAN discourses in *The Wine-Press*, or as plain F. C. I don't hesitate to say — in fact, 'I say it boldly' — he has written the best mock-heroic that has yet appeared on this side of the Atlantic. Of course I mean *Captain Davis, Jonathan R.* Match it who can! Well, you are doubtless aware that SPARROWGRASS, in his Blue Nose Letters, is 'down' on the Scotch. He has had, I must confess, a sorry experience of some of them; and I should n't be surprised if they had a sorry experience of him before he gets through. Good! No word of mine shall save the sinners from the stripes of his keen satire. But I felt that SPARROWGRASS was unjust in his Letter in the September Number. Why, my dear Mr. S., should you take 'half-views of men and things'? Why should you, when expressing your disgust at what was narrow and mean in your friends in the Province, strike an unfair blow at ROBERT BURNS? I was sorry to see you do so unworthy a thing; and all the sorer because you told 'PRORON,' when speaking of some of the 'States' that cannot pick their way out of the shell of provincialism, that 'there are some States, and those the very greatest in the Union, that neither claim to be, nor make a merit of being, provincial.' Now, Mr. S., you *must* have meant to include among these States, the Empire State; and as *you* belong to, and go a good ways toward 'constituting the State,' (for the *Literature* of a State is its brightest glory, and you hold an honored place in our literature;) as you are a representative of the State, we stay-at-home men had a right to expect in you a truly enlarged — a cosmopolitan spirit. You will admit that. And I think you will also admit, now that you have shaken the last atom of provincial dust from your sandals, and have again breathed 'the broad and general air' of the Metropolis, that you hardly manifested a cosmopolitan spirit in damning ROBERT BURNS *because* ROBERT MCGIBBERT, of Get-Along Lake, was a mean, griping carle. Yes, you ought to be ashamed of that passage in your Letter; and I hope your generous nature will induce you to draw your pen through it when you come to put '*A Month with the Blue Noses*' into shape for SCRIBNER or PUTNAM.

'It is for *your* timely words of appreciation that I thank you, my dear L. G. C. It is owing to your prompt and noble sympathy that the same number of our glorious 'OLD KNICK,' which carries all abroad, on its countless flying leaves, the blow at BURNS, carries also the intercepted arm: the poison and the antidote, bound up together.

'Dear me! what a field of poetic vision should we lose, if 'BURNS' Works,' were blotted out. And what a goodly company of Scotchmen would go with BURNS,

if F. C.'s wild will had its way! At one fell swoop, we should lose ALLAN RAMSAY, with his beautiful pastoral, *The Gentle Shepherd*: and Sir WALTER, (Scotch to the back-bone,) author of *Ivanhoe*, and high-priest of the picturesque school of poetry; and WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, and his *Jeanie Morrison*; and brave, eagle-eyed, warm-hearted JOHN WILSON, he of the Nights Ambrosial, and of papers, noble and appreciative, on HOMER; and last, not least, ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, whose *She's gane to Dwall in Heaven, my Lassie*, has made sweet tears to tumble from our eyes: yes, and he, a 'beggarily Scotchman,' wrote '*The Lass of Preston Mill*.' Read it, dear SPARROWGRASS, and never depreciate Scotland and her sons again, *because* you happen, in an obscure, fossilized Province, to come in painful contact with her degenerate sons:

"THE lark had left the evening cloud,  
The dew fell saft, the wind was lowne,  
Its gentle breath amang the flowers  
Scarce stirred the thistle's tap of down:  
The dappled swallow left the pool,  
The stars were blinking o'er the hill;  
As I met amang the hawthorns green,  
The lovely Lass o' Preston Mill.

"Her naked feet amang the grass,  
Seemed like twa dew-gemmed lilies fair;  
Her brows shone comely 'mang her locks,  
Black curling owre her shouthers bare:  
Her cheeks were rich wi' bloomy youth;  
Her lips were like a honey-well,  
And heaven seemed looking through her een,  
The lovely Lass o' Preston Mill.

"Quo' I: 'Fair lass, will ye gang wi' me,  
Where black cocks craw, and plovers cry?  
Sax hills are woolly wi' my sheep,  
Sax vales are lowing wi' my kye:  
I hae looked lang for a weel-faur'd lass,  
By Nithsdale's howmes an' monie a hill:'  
She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,  
The lovely Lass o' Preston Mill.

"Quo' I: 'Sweet maiden, look nae down,  
But gie's a kiss, and gae wi' me:'  
A lovelier face, oh! never looked up,  
And the tears were drapping frae her ee:  
'I hae a lad, wha's far awa',  
That weel could win a woman's will;  
My heart's already fu' o' love,'  
Quo' the lovely Lass o' Preston Mill.

"'Oh! wha is he could leave sic a lass,  
To seek for love in a far countrie?'  
Her tears drapped down like simmer dew,  
I fain wad hae kissed them frae her ee.  
I took but ane o' her comelie cheek:  
'For pity's sake, kind Sir, be still!  
My heart is fu' o' ither love,'  
Quo' the lovely Lass o' Preston Mill.

"She streeked to heaven her twa white hands,  
And lifted up her watery ee;  
'Sae lang's my heart kens aught o' God,  
Or light is gladsome to my ee;  
While woods grow green, and burns rin clear,  
Till my last drap o' blood be still,  
My heart sail hand nae ither love,'  
Quo' the lovely Lass o' Preston Mill.

“There’s comelie maids on Dee’s wild banks,  
 And Nith’s romantic vale is fu’;  
 By lanely ‘Clouden’s hermit stream,  
 Dwalls monie a gentle dame, I trow!  
 Oh! they are lights of a bonnie kind,  
 As ever shone on vale or hill;  
 But there’s a light puts them a’ out:  
 The lovely Lass o’ Preston Mill.”

‘Beautiful exceedingly!’ - - - ‘PETER PROTEUS’ is a good fellow, after all, and a clever satirist, if he *did* ‘fall a-cursing like a very drab, and unpack his heart with words,’ while touching upon our friends, the *Target Excursionists*. In the subjoined ‘*Essay upon Essayists*,’ he has tapped a ‘better vein:’

‘I WAS much amused a few days since, when passing down a by-street of our city, to see a little boy, about ten years old, place himself in the attitude of a pugilist in front of another urchin apparently of the same age, and exclaim: ‘Shall I show you how TOM HYER puts in his left?’

‘The child spoken to seemed tacitly to acknowledge the superiority of the other, and I have no doubt verily believed that the young pugilist would not be long in acquiring the skill and prowess of his great prototype.

‘This egotism and self-extolling of childhood (which we have all possessed in some way) does not leave us in after-years. In every calling in life we find men who think they can show others *how to come in with the left*. Lawyers are only waiting an opportunity to become STORYS and KENTS. Physicians think it far from improbable that they may reach the eminence, and attain to the fame and reputation, of a WATTS, a HOSACK, or a FRANCIS. Surgeons are MORTS, but without practice. Episcopal clergymen are HOBARTS, without the lawn-sleeves. Navy officers are DECATURS; and army officers, SCOTTS. All these have their circles, who think as they do. For men of any education at all can always find those who will regard them with wonder and approbation. These stand, like the admiring boy opposite our youthful friend, so anxious to show him how TOM HYER *puts in his left*.

‘The deeds of great and good men should be emulated, and no man ought to be discouraged in an endeavor to equal the learned in acquirements; but the vain madness and presumption of mediocrity, or, worse than that, ignorance and indocility, it is proper to check within the bounds of courtesy. Let no one suppose he possesses genius until it is acknowledged by those whom he knows to be his superiors!

‘The infantile showing *how to put in the left* is found among our literary men, too. These generally take for their models writers on the other side of the Atlantic, or the grave; though some of our own eminent living authors have their imitators.

‘Ever since THOMAS CARLYLE first commenced Germanizing English, and breaking the surface of the not-too-smooth sea of our language into toppling billows and frothy tide-rips, essayists of every degree have attempted to follow him. As it is with our youthful pugilist compared to TOM HYER: they sometimes resemble his style, but never approach his strength.

‘A young man, devotedly attached to periodical literature, and writing for the magazines, placed in my hands the other day, a manuscript of somewhat bulky proportions, saying to me, with gleaming eyes, and face suffused by the deepest crimson: ‘Read that when you have leisure!’ As I then had abundance of



leisure, I commenced the perusal of it immediately, but did not over-task myself, for it was, as I confessed to the writer, rather too obscure for me. The treatise of my friend was entitled 'WHY?' and began thus :

'WHY? Because! Ay! there it is: the cause why. But there is opinion, and from opinion comes discussion. And discussion draws forth our thoughts. But opinion cannot be individualized. It has, so to speak, no *oneness*. No! nor twoness; nor yet one-hundredness. It is for all, of all, and in all. 'Every man has a right to his own opinion,' is a cant phrase. And beside being a cant phrase, it cannot be as the phrase would have it. For one's 'own opinion' is not his opinion. It is the opinion of many — of hosts. No man can have an opinion of his own. For conversation is profoundly eliminated, and opinion cannot be freehold held. If I think yes, and you think yes, our opinion is the same. But this opinion belongs neither to you nor me. CESARIUS thinks yes, but the opinion is not his. Why, therefore, should any man presume to say: 'It is my opinion?' This is bold-speech conceit. Rather let him say: 'I am of the opinion!' It does not do for me to say, 'I am of your opinion;' for the opinion is no more yours than mine. But I may say, 'I agree with you.' Even the opinion of the justice upon the bench cannot be said to be an individualized opinion; for many will be found who think as he does, more especially after his opinion is delivered. The opinion of the judge-disguised PORTIA, in regard to SHYLOCK's pound of flesh was not her own. Here was IDEA! But after the opinion was delivered it became the property of nearly all Venice. And thus, so far, we see Why?

'But let our thoughts, when low, bounce India-rubber-ball-like into the great area of speech. Let us open our ears to convince-talk, yet not allow our opinion, in height of argumentation, to circumlocutionary admission of conviction, if against the will. Here the Will is Why! But it is not the inductive Why.

'Things that are doable should be done; for doable things can be done. Yet where is the Why? The life-fountain of good men and evil men is set flowing: that things doable, good or evil, may be done. And man becomes example-taught: and this is Why!

'But why the UNIVERSE?' In this part of his subject the author gets so deep, that I think it better not to bewilder my reader with his profundity. I have given enough on this dissertation on 'Why?' to show the style; or, in other words, I have brought to view our young writer showing the world *how Tom Carlyle puts in his left*. It was intended for a philosophical essay, and is, doubtless, on file for publication somewhere, and will, ere long, be given to the public.'

What plummet-sounding 'depth!' - - - This comes to us all the way from Grand Rapids, Michigan: 'While in the 'City' to-day, gazing about me with the curiosity common to countrymen who seldom visit town, I described a paper on a conspicuous post, containing the following luminous

'NOTICE.

'THERE is A very good looking liteish Red Cow Slim tale and Slim hornes one horne Stands up a little to high or Else the other down to low the Owner had better Come and githur for She has been here Some time and gives milk you will find hur at my house in the morning or evening East of the City 3½ miles J — E—'

The owner of the Cow will doubtless pay for advertising, when he comes to 'githur.' If not, the bill may be receipted, and sent to 'my house in the morning or evening.' - - - We have the following implicit belief:

namely: that from the period when the FIRST of our Four-Fathers was snaked out of Paradise, (we now allude to Mr. F. ADAM,) there was implanted in the heart of *general* Humanity an aversion to SNAKES. We say 'general Humanity,' because there be some folks that *like* them, and make pets of them; as any one may see at Lake George, (would we were *there* this blessed day!) where, in a dirty pine box, you can see 'through a glass darkly'

'Sir Uben Ube Battall Snair'

for a sixpence of the current coin of this free and independent ked'ntry, and long may it wave! But *per se*, a snake is not a handsome object for to behold. We saw a BLACK SNAKE the other morning that was terrific. He was apparently about eighteen feet long, (more or *less*,) and was revolving in his own orbit in the middle of the road, around an object that, in shape and gesture, was not proudly eminent, but squat, and aperiently fearful, and did n't *at first* 'seem to take no interest' (like our army at Bladensburgh) in the evolutions 'going on *around* him.' It was a TOAD. Never have we seen any thing so splendidly gorgeous as the blue-black of that snake shining in the sun as he swept his 'awful cycle' around that varmint. It was like a dark-blue smoke just kindling into a blaze. The TOAD was doomed. In a moment he was in the SNAKE's mouth: we beheld him undulating along the coils of the 'p'ison-sar-pent;' and with his morning lunch safely bestowed, the SNAKE presently went on his way, and we saw him no more: and do n't *want* to see him again, either. Ah, but that TOAD's eye when the SARPENT was spinning his swift blue flame around him! It was 'a precious jewel in his head'—but how soon was its brightness to be quenched! How in creation *any* body can like a snake, we can't conceive. Yet when we were a green lad, living in the country, we knew a boy (his name was JUDSON HULBERT, but we called him 'HALBERD,' not having learned to pronounce at that early stage of our being) who had a cane covered with the skin of a milk-snake, that he had stripped off as you would skin an eel. The snake's head was stuffed and varnished for the 'nob,' and garnished with the eyes of a 'scurvy politician,' made by our blacksmith, who was also a dentist and an 'eye-oculist.' But after all, a snake is n't as bad as a SPIDER. The other day, going on our invariable morning walk, with our little '*Five-Year Old*,' ('going on six' now, 'alack and well-a-day!') we stopped at the side of the road to pick some black-berries. It was a sweet glade, overhung with vines, that led to the bushes. It was a spot not known 'to the general,' and therefore unmolested. The berries, big as thimbles, each a botanical 'specimen,' lustrous and orbicular in its divisions as a big fly's black eye, were as thick as they could be. We picked handful after handful for the little boy, until his little white seed-corn teeth were discolored, and his rosy lips enipurpled—black, perhaps, would be the truest expression, that is, if there is any *degree* in TRUTH, which we doubt. Well, Sir, while we were eating this luscious, melting, dissolving fruit, on a high bush, surrounded by such a web as no kindred spider ever 'buiilded in kings' palaces,' hung, suspended by his silken mesh, amid diamonds of dew, the most un—— We had previously seen

SPIDERS : but *never*, NEVER such a spider as that ! He was horribly beautiful ! He was over three inches across the ' broad of his back,' and at least two inches-and-a-half thick, measuring from the spinal column where it connects with the pineal gland, and unites intercanicularly with the peritoneum. (The little boy who was with us is not 'evidence' in this case, being under testifying age. But if he was old enough, he would swear to the exact correctness of this measurement — if we told him to.) We smote that SPIDER with a stout hickory stick : laid him low : stuck a long Yankee pin — every one of which is made of such soft sham wire that they bend at the slightest pressure — through his person : and gleaming in golden yellow, glossiest black, and pi'son-green spots, he may now be seen in the KNICKER-BOCKER SANCTUM, from four to ten o'clock in the evening, on Tuesdays and Saturdays. Children, half-price. - - - MUCH amused just now, in reading the following :

'A SHREWD countryman was in Gotham some days ago, gawky, uncouth, and innocent enough in appearance, but in reality with his eye-teeth cut. Passing up Chatham-street, through the Jews' quarter, he was continually encountered with importunities to buy. From almost every store some one rushed out, in accordance with the annoying custom of that street, to seize upon and try to force him to purchase. At last, one dirty-looking fellow caught him by the arm, and clamorously urged him to become a customer.

'Have you got any shirts?' inquired the countryman, with a very innocent look.

'A splendid assortment, Sir. Step in, Sir. Every price, Sir, and every style. The cheapest in the street, Sir.'

'Are they clean?'

'To be sure, Sir. Step in, Sir.'

'Then,' resumed the countryman, with perfect gravity, 'put on one, for you need it!'

'The rage of the shop-keeper may be imagined as the countryman, turning upon his heel, quietly pursued his way.'

WE are reminded by this of a circumstance mentioned by a friend, who laughed so much while he was narrating it that he could scarcely 'get it out.' He was walking along Chatham-street, he said, with a Connecticut friend. His friend was n't green, although he *looked* exceedingly verdant. They were in the Jew quarter : and the Yankee was hailed to buy 'a uncommon fine pattern of a ves'coat.' 'What is the price?' 'Three dollars.' 'Oh ! git coût ! — I'll gin you twelve shillins.' 'Can't do it : s'elp me GED, cost more 'n that to *make* it — let alone the stuff.' 'I'll gin twelve shillins for that jacket.' 'Well, you can take it ; but there won't be *another* vest go out of this store at that price.' 'Xpect *not*,' said the Yankee : 'you would n't be liable to sell many at *that* rate, would ye ? Oh ! yeoû git coût !' Same time we heard this : He had been abused, the man had : he had been cheated : he had bought a coat and pantaloons in Chatham-street at something like five times their value. He told his grievances to his friend. A plan for revenge was at once concocted. They repaired to the store. The 'friend' tried on one of the finest and best coats in the establishment. It was 'too small !' In straining to bring it together in front, he split it from bottom to top, up the back. He was 'very sorry,' and *said* so, which was not very well received on the part of the proprietor, as he thought at the time, (and afterward said so.) Howbeit, he asked for another coat, of like quality and finish. It was furnished him, and he put it on. When he had put himself comfortably inside of it, he was seized with a violent epileptic

fit: he squirmed on his back toward the door: ground the dirt into the garment: tore it beside: 'came to:' took it off: apologized: said he was sorry: and added, that that was the first *fit* they had ever had in *that* store, any how.' It was his *last*, too. - - - The following comprehensive and every way faithful tribute to the character of our old and long-esteemed friend, the late lamented RUFUS W. GRISWOLD, we copy from the *New-York Daily Times*. This, with an elaborate biographical sketch, from the pen of the late HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, published some time since in these pages, will afford a full and complete history of the career of one whom America and the world of letters will 'not willingly let die:'

'THE sun of an American literary celebrity has set. RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD is no more. A lingering illness, under which he has labored for a number of years, last evening assumed a fatal termination, and he breathed his last at his residence in this city, at fifteen minutes to seven o'clock, at the age of forty-two.

'Wherever American Literature is known, the name of Dr. GRISWOLD is familiar. It is to him that a large class of our young authors stand indebted for a favorable introduction to the world of letters, while his quick appreciation of literary merit, especially of that which was purely native in its growth, insured him the grateful regard of aspirants whose first words of cordial sympathy were his. Of the standard literature of the country, Dr. GRISWOLD was a careful critic. His compilations are the completed record we have. His judgment in selection and arrangement was excellent. His works have a strong vitality, and the story of his life is possessed of no common interest.

'RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD was born in Rutland county, Vermont, February fifteenth, 1815. He was of the ninth generation from GEORGE GRISWOLD, of Kenilworth, England. On the mother's side, he was the eighth in descent from THOMAS MAYHEW, the first Governor of Martha's Vineyard. The records of the family of GRISWOLD go back to the later periods of the fourteenth century. PHILIP GRISWOLD, an ancestor, was honorably distinguished for military services, in the time of HENRY V. Others of the family were noted for important Parliamentary services. GEORGE GRISWOLD, of Kenilworth, from whom RUFUS was descended in direct line, had a family of sons, all of whom, with a single exception, emigrated to New-England. EDWARD, one of these sons, was one of the first settlers of Windsor, in 1630. Another son, MATTHEW, also established himself in the same place; but having married a daughter of the first HENRY WILCOTT, afterward removed to Saybrook. Others of the family advanced further into the interior, and founded new towns and villages, which still flourish, bearing the names they gave.

'The early years of Dr. GRISWOLD's life were given to travel. Before he was twenty, he contrived to see nearly all in this country that was worth seeing, and explored Southern and Central Europe. With a mind enriched by the experiences of travel, and improved by his encounters with the world, he once more turned his steps homeward, and when again domesticated, found in an Eastern lady the qualities which make a married life attractive. So he married. The attachment appears to have been warm and lasting. The fruit of this marriage was two daughters, both of whom survive him. One of these daughters, it will be remembered, narrowly escaped death a few years since, at the time of the dreadful accident which occurred on the New-Haven Railroad, near the town of Norwalk.

'Soon after his marriage, Dr. GRISWOLD entered upon the profession of a man of letters. He had been bred to the ministry, and had taken orders as a preacher in the Baptist denomination, but occupied the pulpit only at intervals comparatively rare; for while his studies in theology were sufficiently profound to justify the assertion of a distinguished critic, that 'in theology he was all muscle and bone,' his peculiar *forte* was that of a literary man, without a speciality of department, but with a power of generalization, a comprehensiveness of view, and a fund of information, which were wonderful indications of industrious application, and in which he was entirely unequalled. The Doctor was 'cut out,' as the saying goes, for a *litterateur*. The peculiar cast of his intellect gave him facility in collecting, shaping, pruning, regulating. He decided rapidly, wrote readily and well, was somewhat tainted with prejudices, as most men are; but gave to the public freely from his stores of knowledge, and made himself a name that will not be forgotten. His first habits of writing were formed from the intimate companionship of an elder brother, HEMAN, a successful merchant and accomplished man, at whose residence in Troy RUFUS passed the winter of 1830. Under the guidance of this brother, the young writer became proficient and prolific; yet he could never be brought to acknowledge that he had done any thing before the age of twenty-two. Once he tried his hand at the editing of a country newspaper, but the task pleased him as little as it has many men before and since, and the paper was given

up. His next literary enterprise found its locality in this city, where he became associated with Mr. GREELY, in the conduct of the *New-Yorker*—a weekly half-literary and half-newspaper, which expired about the year 1841. After this he aided PARK BENJAMIN and EPES SARGENT in the conduct of the *Brother Jonathan* and the *New World*, both of which papers had a large success, and were then esteemed novelties in literature. It was about this period also that he published a small volume of poems.

During his residence in New-York, in 1840, Dr. GRISWOLD became much interested in the cause of poor debtors. As the laws were then framed, men, however honest, who found themselves unable to pay their debts, were consigned to prison in the company of common felons. Against the tyranny of such measures Dr. GRISWOLD spoke and wrote with his accustomed ability and vehemence. Together with WILLIAM LEGGET, RUFUS DAWES, and a few others, he established a library in the City Prison in New-York, for the benefit of such unhappy gentlemen as had the misfortune to be incarcerated for debt. Two gentlemen, who were in confinement at the time, subsequently presented Dr. GRISWOLD a piece of plate, as token of gratitude for his endeavors in their behalf, inscribed: 'TO RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD, who brought pleasure to our prison, and made us forget our homes when we were with strangers. *Ingratus unus missens omnibus nocet.*'

In the winter of 1842, Dr. GRISWOLD accepted the position of editor of *Graham's Monthly Magazine*, and removed his residence to Philadelphia. During the time he occupied this position, the Magazine underwent a marked improvement. The new editor was profoundly impressed with a sense of duty to American authors. He urged their claims on all occasions, and battled sturdily for them. Through the force of his representations, a more liberal policy toward native writers began to prevail. Foreign mental merchandise was put, as it were, into a secondary position. It now began to be acknowledged that American genius was strong and ample; and so *Graham* presently reaped the fruits of a genial appreciation. The list of its contributors was enriched by the addition of the brightest lights of current American literature; the result being an unparalleled increase in the circulation of the work. In its pages there began to appear contributions from RICHARD HENRY DANA, WASHINGTON ALLSTON, COOPER, BRYANT, LONGFELLOW, HOFFMAN, and WILLIS, and the circulation went up, at last, from seventeen thousand to twenty-nine thousand. It was a new era for Magazine literature in America.

In 1842, the first of Dr. GRISWOLD's admirable *Histories of American Literature* was issued from the Philadelphia press. *The Poets and Poetry of America* was a work upon which the Doctor bestowed a wonderful amount of careful research, and critical analysis. That the literature of the country demanded such a labor was his firm conviction, and it was with no little love and enthusiasm that he assumed the task of preparation. He says, in his Preface to the first edition: 'This book is designed to exhibit the progress and condition of Poetry in the United States. . . . Considering the youth of the country, and the many circumstances which have had a tendency to retard the advancement of letters here, it speaks well for the past and present, and cheerily for the future.' A historical introduction to this work furnishes a comprehensive view of the early poetical literature of the country. The list of authors is headed by PHILIP FRENEAU; and the Young Poets have been added, in successive editions, as they have made their appearance in the ranks of authorship.

The warm reception which awaited the *Poets and Poetry*, led to the production of another work of a similar character, *The Poets and Poetry of England in the Nineteenth Century*, published in 1844.

Two years afterward (1846) appeared a third volume, the second of the American series, entitled, *The Prose Writers of America*. In this volume, which had a success second only to that of the *Poets and Poetry*, Dr. GRISWOLD struck sledge-hammer blows in defence of our native literature from the overwhelming flood of foreign works which poured in upon us in the absence of an international copy-right: a measure, the importance of which he earnestly urges in the prefatory remarks. 'Our country,' he writes, 'has been regarded as a Nazareth of mind. The old question, 'Who reads an American book?' is asked with most pertinence in the United States. . . . Foreigners have out-grown the ignorance and prejudice which first suggested it; and many of our authors are now much better known in London and Edinburgh, than in New-York, Boston, or Philadelphia.' He censures that 'absurd and wicked policy of our Government,' which by refusing to protect copy-rights of foreigners, only furnished a ready market for 'legalized piracy,' and threw upon us a host of corrupt works, which should be replaced by a healthy native growth. 'Our law-makers,' he adds, 'think they are shrewdly cheating the foreigner of so much money for the 'dear people,' but the denial of copy-right proves but a theft of poison.' In this belief the Doctor never wavered. He was sincere in his warfare in behalf of native interests, and will be remembered as a champion who dealt trenchant blows.

In 1848, *The Female Poets of America*, a work similar to the three volumes which preceded it, was issued. It has scarcely met with the degree of success which attended its predecessors—possibly on account of the inferior attractiveness of the original



material; but it is, nevertheless, marked by similar evidence of industrious application and careful revision.

*The Sacred Poets of England and America* was a later publication, edited by Dr. GRISWOLD, but bearing fewer indications of his peculiar genius.

Still the preparation of these works, involving as it did, matters of continuous, and very arduous labor, proved insufficient to satisfy the Doctor's ambition. He could not abide idleness. Leisure was not at all to his taste. The activity of his mind rendered him restless in the absence of industrious application. While, therefore, his elaborate researches touching the Progress of American Literature yet remained in process of development, he had other irons in the fire. In the year 1847, he engaged (residing still in Philadelphia) in the preparation of a series of Biographies, one entitled *Washington and the Generals of the American Revolution*; the other, *Napoleon and the Marshals of the Empire*. He also prepared, about this time, an Appendix to the American edition of D'ISRAELI's *Curiosities of Literature*, wrote numerous miscellaneous magazine articles, and prepared elaborate newspaper criticisms, with an industry that was perfectly indefatigable. The Doctor was a good worker.

In 1850, having resumed his residence in New-York, he projected the *International Monthly Magazine*—five volumes of which were published by Messrs. STRINGER AND TOWNSEND, under his editorial supervision. This was a portly serial, established chiefly to develop the Doctor's methods of thinking and acting. In its pages he labored in behalf of copy-right, and admitted native writers freely to its privileges. So long as it lived, the *International* was lively, readable, and independent; but it died one day, and has never since seen light.

The latest complete work from the pen of Dr. GRISWOLD, was his *Republican Court; or, American Society in the Days of Washington*. This was intended as a holiday gift-book, and was issued by a New-York house, in 1854, in splendid style. It is attractive alike in style and matter. In it Dr. GRISWOLD has compressed a graphic view of the customs, opinions, lives, fashions, whims, of the ladies and the gentlemen who formed that brilliant circle, of which the First President was the centre; and the picture is pleasant, marked here and there by sharp touches, made with a skilful finger.

After the publication of this work, Dr. GRISWOLD undertook the preparation of an *Illustrated Life of Washington*. Several numbers of this work were issued. But while engaged in this effort, his labors were suddenly suspended. The ravages of that deceptive disease, consumption, which had begun years before to tell upon his system, assumed an alarming shape, and the Doctor was compelled to relinquish active exertion. Growing rapidly worse, he was forced to essay the trial of a change of scene, but continuing gradually to fail, and at last reduced to a skeleton, harassed by a racking cough, and too feeble to move, he gave up hope of life and resigned himself to fate. For some months past, he has lingered, scarcely alive, among his books, in an unpretending residence on Fourth avenue; and died without a struggle.

A number of unfinished works are left by Dr. GRISWOLD. Beside the *Life of Washington*, which he did not live to complete, he had nearly ready for the press an *Essay on the Introduction of Printing into the Middle Colonies, and our Early Printers*. This paper will be completed by his Literary Executors, and will appear in the posthumous edition of his works. Other valuable manuscripts and papers, the result of years of literary application, also pass into the hands of his Executors.

Dr. GRISWOLD was actively engaged, when interrupted by his last illness, in completing the revision of *The Republican Court*, a new edition of which was to have been soon published, with important additions. He had also in progress new editions of all his works on the History of Literature, and had completed a thorough revision of the *Poets and Poetry of America*.

It may be stated, without impropriety, that the gentlemen named by Dr. GRISWOLD as his Literary Executors, are Mr. JOHN WM. WALLACE, of Philadelphia, and Mr. GEO. H. MOORE, of this city. Mr. WALLACE is a brother of the late HORRACE BINNEY WALLACE, with whom Dr. GRISWOLD was on terms of great intimacy, and from whom he received perhaps the most just appreciation that fell to his lot at the hands of his literary compeers.

In personal appearance, Dr. GRISWOLD was above the medium height; spare, light-complexioned, with hazel eyes, and dark-brown hair. He had a laugh that was contagious, a voice that was pleasant, and a manner peculiarly earnest. In social circles he was full of life, overflowing with anecdote, and given to a joke. No better dinner-companion could be found than he. In the pulpit his manner was sedate, with no affectation of solemnity, and his discourses were orthodox and able. A volume of his *Sermons* and a *Discourse on Philosophy* have been published. He had enemies, as every man must have, and some degree of scandal attached to his matrimonial relations; but he defended himself with vigor, and replied in pamphlet publications to charges that were urged against him. It is not necessary to revive the memory of scenes in private life which have been brought only too prominently before the public. Dr. GRISWOLD was three times married. Three children survive him, the youngest a boy, and still in infancy.



'Dr. GRISWOLD was attended, during his last illness, by Dr. JOHN W. FRANCIS, a warm personal friend, and for a long time his medical adviser. Aside from the possession of a valuable library, rich in all that relates to American literature, and remarkably copious in collections of early American periodical publications, added to a large copy-right interest, we are not aware that Dr. GRISWOLD had accumulated any considerable amount of property.'

May he rest in peace! - - - HERE ensueth a well-deserved satire upon that class of legal gentlemen who talk so learnedly to their clients and before a jury. We are assured that 'both the facts and the language are authentic:'

Whitluten Class Ekkl, Esquire.

A POSITIVE FACT.

'In a narrow, low room unswept,  
His feet aloft, he sat,  
Mutt'ring: 'Shall I go down unwept?  
Shall I be deemed a flat?  
How sweet to hear a nation sigh:  
To see it shake its head,  
And loud proclaim, with tearful eye,  
Great SO-AND-SO is dead!

'How sweet — By CHITTY! some one  
knocks!  
(He grasped a musty book,  
And hauling up the spitting-box,  
Put on a knowing look.)  
'Come in! Come in! Just push the door,  
But wait: it's locked, I see;  
My clients here are such a bore,  
I — ('egad I scent a fee!')

'How are you SQUIRE? My name is  
SMITH:'

'I'm well, and how are you?'  
'BILL JONES I've had some trouble with,  
And want to put him through.  
You see, his cow got in my ground,  
And after getting filled,  
Jumped on the fence and broke it down,  
And she was badly killed.  
My fence is broke — his cow is dead:  
Now which had ought to pay?'  
'Ahem! Just now,' CLASS EKEL said,  
'I'm not prepared to say.'

'Mercer, (Pa.)

'Well, 'SQUIRE, I'll go and let you be,  
And call some time again:  
But I forgot, Sir — here's a V.'  
'Ah! now the case is plain.  
Dear Mister SMITH, pray take a seat,  
Your face I'm glad to see:  
And as this JONES you want to beat,  
It's well you came to me!

'If BILL JONES' cow the fence had broke,  
Why, then, *nudum pactum*,  
And damages would lie, (see COKE,)  
For a *non est factum*.  
Looking in that way at the case,  
He'd take a *nul*, friend JOHN,  
And then sue out a *fiert-face*,  
With a *de bonis non*.

'But if JONES' cow had broke the FENCE  
*Testament annexum*,  
*Et doli capax se prepenso*,  
We'd very soon perplex him!  
You see this cow was *held in trust*  
For this BILL JONES's *uses*,  
And now, to come at *her*, we must  
Get out a *tecum duces*!'

'I see! I see!' the client cries;  
I have it in my eye!  
I'll go straight home — my friends sur-  
prise,  
And blow BILL JONES sky high!'

W. McK.'

THE subjoined, if true, as is positively alleged, is good: if *not* true, it is a good 'story,' any way:

'DEAR KNICK: If you will bear with me for a few moments, I will relate to you one of my numerous experiences. It occurred during one of those heated terms, so eloquently and feelingly described by 'E. M.' in the columns of the daily papers. I was rolling smoothly over the 'Russ,' in one of those golden-lined omnibuses which gladden the hearts of the Fourteenth-Streeters, (when they are not full,) in company with three or four merchants on their way to dinner, and an equal number of ladies, evidently returning from 'shopping. I was *in* the city, but not *of* it; my thoughts being turned away from the surrounding dust and turmoil, toward my pleasant home on the banks of the Hudson, which I hoped soon to reach, *via* Thirty-first-street and Hudson River Rail-road. While in this pleasant state, my reverie was suddenly brought to a stop,

as was the omnibus. The cause of the obstruction was evident in a brace of 'Deöwn Easters,' who appeared to be taking a bird's-eye view of the 'elephant.' The male specimen (for they *appeared* to be man and wife) carried with extreme care a huge basket containing some living object, whose genus and species were carefully concealed from vulgar eyes by a white cloth. Much to our satisfaction, the basket was handed up to the driver, through the end-window, and the stage rolled on, its burden being increased by the two Yankees. I was somewhat surprised at the smallness of the hands and feet of our new companions; and when I looked in their faces to discover the cause of the anomaly in their appearance, I recognized in the gentleman, my young friend, NED B —, at present an under-graduate in Columbia College, and in the *lady*, his aider and abettor in mischief, FRED T —. Admonished by a wink from each of them, I held my peace, and resolved to see what would happen.

'Nothing special occurred until we reached Fourteenth-street. Here the increased jolting seemed to incommode the occupant of the basket, for cries proceeded therefrom, which, to my practised ear, (I have eleven children at home, six of whom are twins,) seemed to resemble the cries of an infant. My judgment was apparently corroborated by the gentler portion of our fellow-passengers, and eventually, as the cries became louder, by the gentlemen also. The silence was broken by the fair down-Easter, who observed to her lord, in dulcet tones of Yankee land:

'HEZEKIAH! deönt yeöu think that ICHABOD's gittin rayther oncomfortable up ther in the sun?'

'Wall, I deönt kneöw,' replied HEZEKIAH, taking it coolly.

'May I ask who is ICHABOD, my friend?' interrogated a portly old gentleman, with a consequentio-benevolent phiz, and a huge watch-chain.

'Wall, he's the baby; five months old, and a regular whopper, too!'

'But you should not leave him up there, in the heat,' urged the fat philanthropist. 'Get out, and bring him in here.'

'No — guess not. The man down there at the hotel said we was n't to take him into the stage, 'cause there's a law agin it.'

'Nonsense: he was only hoaxing you: get out, and take your child in: he'll suffer up there.'

'No, Sir; I deönt dew eny sich thing. I know what 'cute fellers yeou Yorkers air: and I guess you're the mare, (Mayor,) and want to git the fine to put in yeöur own pocket.'

'Well, if you won't, I *will*: I can't bear to hear the poor thing's cries,' said 'PHILONABY,' pulling the check-string. He got out, and spoke to the driver, who delivered to him one baby, on demand, in a basket, and in good order and condition. He reëntered the omnibus, and lifted up the corner of the towel, when out popped the huge black head of a Newfoundland pup!

'Why!' exclaimed the benevolent old gentleman, indignant at the sell: 'I thought you said it was a baby! What do you mean, Sir?'

'Why, didn't I tell you it was a dog-baby?' demurely questioned NED.

The old gentleman left the stage at the next corner, his nose being quite out of joint at the new baby. When he was gone, NED explained to me how he had a grudge against him, for having on one occasion spoiled some sport; and how, having procured this dog, remarkable for the similarity of its cries, to those of 'a lactiverous human,' he lay in wait for the stage which usually conveyed his antagonist to his fat dinner up-town, with the determined purpose of 'selling' him on his weak point, namely, babies. Do you think he succeeded, Mr. KNICK?'

We don't believe the 'story!' - - - A FRIENDLY correspondent, writing from Washington, (Pa.,) says: 'Like most other small towns, we have here a 'colored church,' where many amusing things are said, highly exhilarating to the spirits of the few who occasionally visit our 'Hayti' meeting-house. 'Hayti' is the name given to that part of our town where 'pussons

ob color' reside. One winter evening, when the colored preacher was in the midst of his sermon, making a most violent, if not a most eloquent appeal to his hearers, one of the legs of the stove, which had been loosened in some way, fell out, and as a natural consequence, the red-hot stove tipped over at an angle alarmingly suggestive of fire. The audience of course commenced crowding out of the door like a flock of black sheep. But the preacher was equal to the occasion. Addressing one of his prominent members, he cried out: 'Pick up de stobe, brudder BOLAH! — pick up de stobe! De Lor' won't let it burn you! Only hab faith!' Poor brother BOLER had unfortunately *too much* faith, and immediately seized it, all glowing as it was: but no sooner had his fingers come in contact with the fervent iron, than he dropped it again, and dancing around on one foot, blowing his skinless fingers, he exclaimed with all the energy which he could throw into his voice: 'De h — I he won't! — de h — I he won't!' The entire truth of this story can be vouched for.' - - - SEVERAL years since we published in our friend GODEY'S '*Lady's Book*,' of Philadelphia, the '*Gossip about Children*,' which appears in preceding pages. It is not without reluctance that we have complied with the request which precedes it — one of many similar, heretofore received. We were led, even now, to re-publish the article from seeing in the daily journals an account from the '*Union Democrat*,' (what '*Union Democrat*,' and where?) of a man whipping his little boy so brutally, that the poor little fellow *persevered* in killing himself, to be rid of such tyranny. Who would be that — We were going to say *Father* — but we can't. - - - A FRENCHMAN'S comprehension of the English language is very peculiar, oftentimes; but not more so, we dare dare say, than an Englishman's perception, not unfrequently, of the French 'lingo,' as HOOD terms it. Be that as it may: we are struck with this blunder in the '*Memorials Historique des Celebrites et des Notabilites*,' now publishing in Paris. DR. BUCKLAND'S '*Bridgewater Treatise*' is spoken of as '*Le Traite de la Construction des Ponts du Dr. BUCKLAND*' — an essay on the construction of *Bridges*! This reminds us of a remark we heard made by a weazen-faced Frenchman, in JOLLIE'S popular music-store in Broadway, while were buying some music for 'the girls,' about the time that '*Pop goes the Weasel*' was in the height of juvenile vogue: 'You aves the musique most extraordinaire in zis countree,' said the little Frenchman, with the invariable shoulder-elevation. 'Par examp., you aves '*Por-rup goes Oozel*:' leetel boy, he sings zem in ze ster-rreet ver' mosh. Vill you tell me, sare, vat is '*Oozel*?' He was courteously enlightened, and thereupon went his way. - - - '*Virginia Illustrated*' first appeared in numbers in *Harper's Magazine*, where it was very generally admired. The various adventures of the party, some humorous, some terrific, and othersome ridiculous, are recorded with a good degree of spirit. Visits are paid, among other celebrated places of resort, to the '*Natural Bridge*,' the several Sulphur Springs, and the North and South Peaks of Otter; and the engravings of them, especially, are excellently well done. We do not marvel at the patriotism inspired by the view from those splendid heights. Right heartily do we wish that we could have been of the party on *that* occasion, whatever

may be said concerning other and less pleasant adventures. The volume is beautifully printed with large types. HARPERS. - - - ALMOST any body, we think, would have laughed, as we did, the other day at the Astor-House Restaurant, what time we were taking a bowl of most delicious Green Turtle Soup, with a friend. And it was that friend who said: 'C —, do you see that party sitting at the second table from us?' 'Yes.' 'Well, there is a *collection*.' 'What do you mean by 'a collection?'' we asked. 'Simply this: that there is a 'Wolverine,' there are two 'Pukes,' one 'Plug-Ugly,' and two 'Suckers.' 'Good GED?' exclaimed a small and young-looking Englishman to his friend, who was seated at an adjoining table, both of them with small whitish moustaches, and eye-glasses screwed into their watery-blue eyes, 'what an extraordinary waviety of the 'uman specie to be sittink at the same table!' Now many persons may consider this fabulous: but there is *one* man, who with us can bear testimony that it is a simple and exact *fact*, without one word of exaggeration. - - - THEY have 'right smart' steam-boats at St. Joseph, Missouri. An editor 'thereaway' says: 'Those who doubt the business appearance of our wharf, should have looked on Monday morning. *Six steam-boats were all arriving and departing at the same time!*' - - - THERE is wholesome satire, and not a little fun, in the following from the pen of Prof. G. SPHYNX, Moral Fabulist, Plank-Road Director, etc.:

### 'A Specimen Brick'

From Sphynx's great Tragedy of 'Flat Burglary, or the Atrocious Villain.'

#### 'ACT V. SCENE VII.

(SCENE: a perpendicular rock two hundred feet high; six yards square at the top. Captain HERCULES CLAPPERCLAW, R.N., stature, five feet six; circumference, five feet precisely; hair red; complexion blue; appears mounting a ladder to the summit. As he reaches the fourth round from the top, the head and shoulder of CLARENCE MONTMORENCY, the ardent and chivalrous young American, the defender of ISABEL DE COURCY, appears at the top of a ladder on the other side. His elegant figure is attired with fastidious taste. The rivals stare for a moment in mutual astonishment.)

MONTMORENCY, (in clarion tones.) 'Fiend!'

CLAPPERCLAW, (hoarsely.) 'Ape!'

MONT. 'Demon!'

CLAP. 'Baboon!'

(MONTMORENCY leaps upon the rock.)

MONT. 'Here, monster, if you dare the encounter, our mortal feud shall end, till I meet thee again upon the blistering crags of the infernal world!'

CLAP. 'Fool! give bail against flight by doing thus!' (He mounts the rock and hurls his ladder into the abyss.)

MONT. 'Boastful bully of the seething surge, behold my pledge!' (He tips his own ladder into the chasm.)

CLAP. 'Now, dainty Sir, can you tell me what is the difference between the ruler of the Tartar hordes and an unsuccessful aspirant for renown?'

MONT. 'Wretch! I can. The one is a great Khan, the other is a great Can't.'

CLAP. 'For a carpet-knight, not bad: but now, nincompoop, tell me, into what insect is an iceberg transformed when it sinks to the bed of the illimitable ocean?'

MONT. 'Execrable assassin! I smile in serene derision at thy poisoned dagger. Thus I answer: it becomes a bed-berg, of course.'

'CLAP. 'Perhaps then, perfumed jackanapes, you can explain the electro-magnetic difference between the functionary who commands yon distant rail-way train and the minion who 'tends the brakes?'

'MONT. 'With ease: the former being the conductor, the latter is of course a non-conductor.'

'CLAP. (Losing his temper.) 'Sheep! I will trifle no longer. Tell me now why the Atlantic Telegraph Cable should be styled the modern Bosphorus?'

'MONT. 'Because, being attached at one extremity to Ireland, 't will become a famous crossing-place for bulls. And now, ruffian,' (clarion tone again,) 'answer me this: why is a paralyzed cock-roach like a fictitious narrative?'

'CLAP. (With a sinking sensation in his stomach, but keeping up a bold face in his desperate predicament.) 'Solve that disgusting problem yourself, puppy! HERCULES CLAPPERCLAW, R. N., disdains such butchery of his royal mistress's English.'

'MONT. 'Because, monster, it is a numb bug,' (an 'umbug.)

('CLAPPERCLAW staggers — falls over the precipice.)

'MONT. 'Down with thee to Pandemonium, remorseless wretch!'

*Curtain falls: Finis.*

'NOTE.—An injunction against the publication of the thrilling tragedy, of which the foregoing is the closing scene, has been served on the author. He is ready, however, to give public readings in the principal cities of the United States and Canada on short notice. Persons of weak nerves not admitted.

*Vive* the great SPHYNX! - - - Among the numerous 'splendid' and 'unrivalled' illustrated works of the day, we believe that of a correspondent at 'Blossom-Hill, Caddo County, Louisiana,' is destined to be preëminently conspicuous. He sends us a prospectus of '*The Mammoth Illustrated Dictionary.*' This great proposed enterprise is thus announced and described:

'HAVING long seen and appreciated the want of a Dictionary with such illustrations as should impart to the mind of the reader a thorough conception of the subject matter, I have been preparing for publication, and shall shortly have ready for the press, a work with the above title — '*The Mammoth Illustrated Dictionary.*' I am satisfied the genius of our people requires a work of the kind. 'Old Fogies,' as they are called, may ridicule the idea of converting all our text into picture-books, and grumble because the space that should be devoted to interesting reading-matter is given up to villainous wood-cuts, (as they irreverently term them,) that afford neither instruction nor amusement: but is not 'Young AMERICA' 'with' the picture-movement — this revolution in literature? Echo answers: 'Indubitably, Young AMERICA is!' By dint of extraordinary exertion, I have succeeded in securing the services of the world-renowned wood-cutter, Professor DAUB, assisted by Professor BORCH, and several lesser lights in the world of pictures. This is all that need be said in regard to the style of the engravings.

'To illustrate the character of the forthcoming work: I shall discard most words of less than three syllables, as the use of 'small words' is being dropped by most of our literary men; but the introduction of some few will be unavoidable. For instance, the word '*Man*,' or '*Anthropos*:' now this word will be illustrated by a wood-cut of ADAM, taken from a daguerreotype, and said by those who have seen the original, to be a perfect likeness. Again: the word '*Bulldogtana*' will be illustrated thus: Bull seen in mad career after a lap-dog, which is running for protection to an interesting female, who is in turn scooting for the fence with considerable velocity. An Eye seen in the distance, complacently contemplating the curious concatenation.

'The work will embrace two thousand pages: but owing to the space occupied by the illustrations, can be supplied at the trifling cost of two 'bits.' Sent by mail to any part of the United States or the Canadas, provided a stamp be inclosed to pay return postage. Ministers of the Gospel furnished at the above rates without the extra stamp. Editors of newspapers giving this prospectus an insertion for three years will be entitled to a copy *gratis* — paying their own postage.'

'Subscriptions received at this office.' - - - 'PASSING along the streets of one of our Southern cities,' writes a travelling correspondent, 'I saw a crowd around a man who had just met with an accident, by which one of his legs was badly crushed. I listened to the various comments which are usually heard at such a time, and was struck with the remark of one who evidently felt a sympathy for the sufferer: 'Dear me, that leg must be amputated!' And still more by the instant reply of some one in the crowd: '*Amputated!* amputated the d—l! — that leg *will have to be cut off!*' A 'distinction without a difference,' it strikes us. - - - UNQUESTIONABLY, the handsomest paper in the United States is '*The Press*,' our old friend JOHN W. FORNEY's new daily, of Philadelphia. Nor does its 'outward man' belie its internal characteristics. It is most ably edited, as its copious and well-filled columns abundantly show. An old friend and correspondent, R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, Esq., with abundant industry and ample capacity, fills the important chair of the Literary Department. - - - A WRITER reporting the recent proceedings at the 'Montreal Scientific Convention' ventures to say that the inventor and expositor of '*The Gyroscope*' did not advance a single idea not completely befogged in algebraic and geometrical terms, repeated with lightning-like rapidity.' Now if this writer will glance over a brief notice of '*The Gyroscope*' in our last number, he will perceive that opinions as well as tastes, sometimes *differ*. 'We say nothing:' let the people judge. Hear the 'voice of the Vox Populi!' - - - We have received the *Medallion Pen*.' It lacks the quill-like elasticity: otherwise, it is a good pen. It makes a clear mark, and does not blot. But *is* there any thing, after all, like the quill-pen from a native Goose, made by your own hand, with a sharp pen-knife? 'Surely not.' - - - THE following publications, received at this office, deserve, and (D. V.) shall receive, adequate notice in this Magazine: MADAME LE VERT's 'Souvenirs of Travel;' HAMMOND's 'Wild Northern Scenes;' 'Verse Memorials,' by MIRABEAU B. LAMAR, late President of Texas;' 'Fresh Fern-Leaves;' 'Floral Home, or First Years of Minnesota;' 'SAM SLICK, the Clock-Maker;' 'The Mystic Delvings,' by BARNITZ;' RUSKIN's 'Elements of Drawing,' and the 'National Academy Students' Testimonial to T. S. CUMMINGS, Esq.' Other publications, recently received, will meet with present attention. Our *Little People's Table* is too full for our small 'room,' this month. FIVE pages of this department (including '*Sparks from a Grate-Blower*,' and many other good things,) although in type, 'can't come in' *this* month.